THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK V

Molly Tams.

P 139 140 of Forest Fire verbs.

THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

THE CANADIAN READERS

Book V

Authorized for Use in the Public Schools of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia

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CONTENTS

*** *The Italics indicate Poetical Selections*

PART I

		Page
The Children's Song	*Rudyard Kipling*	9
The Moonlight Sonata	*Anonymous*	10
Copperfield and the Waiter	*Charles Dickens*	14
Home, Sweet Home!	*John Howard Payne*	21
The Song Sparrow	*Henry Van Dyke*	22
Captain Scott's Last Journey	*Mary McGregor*	24
The Cheerful Locksmith	*Charles Dickens*	27
Ye Mariners of England	*Thomas Campbell*	29
How Robinson Crusoe Made Bread	*Daniel Defoe*	31
The Charge of the Light Brigade	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	36
A Roman's Honor	*Charlotte M. Yonge*	39
The Coureur-de-Bois	*Samuel Mathewson Baylis*	42
November	*Helen Hunt Jackson*	43
Work or Play	*Mark Twain*	44
An Adjudged Case	*William Cowper*	49
The Beginning of Rome	*C. H. and S. B. Harding*	50
Miriam's Song	*Thomas Moore*	54
Up the Ottawa River	*Lawrence J. Burpee*	55
A Canadian Boat-Song	*Thomas Moore*	58
Rule, Britannia	*James Thomson*	59
The Tidal Bore	*James De Mille*	61
The Minstrel Boy	*Thomas Moore*	63
The River	*Canon F. G. Scott*	64
The Round-Up	*Mary K. Maule*	65
Kitchener of Khartoum	*Robert J. C. Stead*	72
Alan McLeod, V.C.	*D. E. Hamilton*	73
Jacques Cartier	*Thomas D'Arcy McGee*	79
The Miraculous Pitcher	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	82

		Page
The Red River Voyageur	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	91
The Heroine of Verchères	*Francis Parkman*	92
The Unbroken Song	*H. W. Longfellow*	97
The Song My Paddle Sings	*E. Pauline Johnson*	98
Moses at the Fair	*Oliver Goldsmith*	100
"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks"	*Margaret Deland*	104
The Buffalo	*Sir William Francis Butler*	105
The Sea	*Bryan Waller Procter*	112
The Laws of the Land	*Charles F. Dole*	113
The Outpost	*Isabel Ecclestone MacKay*	117
The Loss of the Brig	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	119
The Overland Mail	*Rudyard Kipling*	122
The Rapid	*Charles Sangster*	124
The Treasure House of Mammon	*From Edmund Spenser*	125
The Loss of the Birkenhead	*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle*	133
The Bluejay	*Mark Twain*	136
A Forest Fire	*Susannah Moodie*	139
The Bugle Song	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	143
Don Quixote and the Windmills	*Miguel de Cervantes*	144
Nature's Song	*Madison Cawein*	149
The Dog Crusoe	*R. M. Ballantyne*	150
The Christ of the Andes	*J. R. P. Sclater*	154
The Song of the Brook	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	157
Bruin and the Cook	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	161
Laura Secord	*Charles Edwin Jakeway*	167
The Treasure Valley	*John Ruskin*	169
Incident of the French Camp	*Robert Browning*	183
A Life of Fear	*John Burroughs*	184
The Unnamed Lake	*Canon F. G. Scott*	188
A True Fairy Tale	*Charles Kingsley*	189
The Legend of St. Christopher	*Helen Hunt Jackson*	196
Captain Cook	*Margaret Bemister*	199
A Psalm of David	*The Bible*	206

PART II

Love of Country	*Sir Walter Scott*	209
The White Horse Plain	*The Rev. Lewis Drummond*	209
The Lord is My Shepherd	*The Bible*	212
Doubting Castle and Giant Despair	*John Bunyan*	213

		Page
The Maple	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	218
The Lark at the Diggings	*Charles Reade*	219
The Splendor of the Days	*Jean Blewett*	224
Dickens in Camp	*Francis Bret Harte*	225
The Story of Absalom	*The Bible*	227
Immortality	*Arthur S. Bourinot*	229
To an Oriole	*Edgar Fawcett*	230
I Dig a Ditch	*David Grayson*	231
The Spires of Oxford	*Winifred M. Letts*	233
The Coyote	*Mark Twain*	234
The Coyote	*Francis Bret Harte*	237
Scots, Wha Hae	*Robert Burns*	237
The Oasis	*George William Curtis*	238
Boadicea	*William Cowper*	242
Oliver Cromwell at Home	*E. Everett-Green*	244
The Torch of Life	*Sir Henry Newbolt*	252
Mr. Winkle on Skates	*Charles Dickens*	253
The Ships of St. John	*Bliss Carman*	258
The Barren Lands	*E. B. Osborn*	260
A Scene from "William Tell"	*Sheridan Knowles*	263
Dominique	*W. H. Drummond*	273
The Rescue	*R. D. Blackmore*	275
The Romance of Marquis Wheat	*O. J. Stevenson*	279
To a Sparrow	*John P. Sjolander*	284
"Canadians—Canadians—That's All!"	*Harold R. Peat*	285
In the Hall of Cedric the Saxon	*Sir Walter Scott*	288
The Burial of Moses	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	296
Henry Hudson	*From "Great Explorers"*	299
Bless the Lord, O My Soul	*The Bible*	306
The Heroes of the Long Sault	*Francis Parkman*	308
Sherwood	*Alfred Noyes*	315
The Wrestling Match	*William Shakespeare*	317
Tecumseh and the Eagles	*Bliss Carman*	322
Hunting with a Camera	*A. R. Dugmore*	325
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	330
The Hope of the World	*A. L. Burt*	332
How They Brought the Good News	*Robert Browning*	341
On Making Camp	*Stewart Edward White*	344
A Canadian Camping Song	*Sir James D. Edgar*	352
The North-West—Canada	*Moira O'Neill*	353
Gulliver in Giant Land	*Jonathan Swift*	354

		Page
Marmion and Douglas	*Sir Walter Scott*	357
The Departure of the Fleet from Lemnos	*John Masefield*	360
The Fairies	*Thomas Westwood*	363
Ants and Their Slaves	*Jules Michelet*	364
Marco Bozzaris	*Fitz-Greene Halleck*	369
The Burning of Moscow	*Joel Tyler Headley*	372
Horatius	*Lord Macaulay*	379
From Canada, by Land	*Agnes C. Laut*	395
Creation	*Joseph Addison*	405
Seven Times Four	*Jean Ingelow*	406
A Pioneer's Wife	*Louis Hemon*	407
General Brock	*Charles Sangster*	410
An Iceberg	*Richard Henry Dana*	411
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	*Thomas Moore*	413
The Value of Time	*Lord Avebury*	414
In Flanders Fields	*John McCrae*	415
Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling*	415

FIFTH READER

PART I

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;

That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died—
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.

—Rudyard Kipling.

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THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterwards to sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said — "what sound is that? It is from my 'Sonata in F'!" he said, eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but suddenly there was a

break, then the voice of sobbing: "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I shall play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling — genius — understanding. I shall play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave — somewhat annoyed.

"I — I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear — that is, you would like — that is — Shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair and something so pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the young lady—"

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I — I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us, when we lived at Brühl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow — how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if

we were all bound in a strange dream and feared only to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone; "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as only he could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kindly. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the "Sonata in F."

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming: "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more — only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I shall improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time — a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift, breathless, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning towards the door — "farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly; "I shall come again and give the young lady some lessons. Farewell! I shall soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that "Moonlight Sonata" with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

—Anonymous.

COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER

The coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole (he having driven up the yard to turn his cart), and also what would

ultimately become of me, when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" inquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. "Nobody's dinner is paid for here in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am?" I said.

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why do you go and give another name first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, "William, show the coffee-room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was to show it to only me.

It was a large, long room, with some maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner, that I was afraid that I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it very difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said: "There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him, and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For, it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, red-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head, and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said — "a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer — perhaps you know him?"

"No," I said, "I don't think —"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, gray coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure —"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale — *would* order it — I told him not — drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

DAVID ARRIVING AT THE INN

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Lor' bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop; and another potato; and, after that, another chop and another potato. When he had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is!

What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding?"

"Yes, it is, indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a tablespoon, "is my favorite pudding. Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his tablespoon to my teaspoon, his dispatch to my dispatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought it immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London" — which was all I knew.

"Oh, my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh!" he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs — two ribs — a little boy he was. I should say he was — let me see — how old are you, about?"

I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight

years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words — "With whopping."

The blowing of the coach horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we are taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink. *I* lose by that."

"What should you — what should I — how much ought I to — what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cowpock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint and a lovely sister" — here the waiter was greatly agitated — "I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking it. But I live on broken wittles — and I sleep on the coals." Here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!"

—Charles Dickens.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

—John Howard Payne.

THE SONG-SPARROW

There is a bird I know so well,
  It seems as if he must have sung
  Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
  The name of even the smallest bird,
  His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
  And snow returns to hide the earth;
  But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
  While flowers fade; and every day
  Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here,
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat
  Of many colors, smart and gay;
  His suit is Quaker brown and gray;
With darker patches at his throat.
  And yet of all the well-dressed throng
  Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing to hear
His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
  But sits by choice, and well at ease,
  In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
  The meadow-brook; and there he sings
  Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;
  They seem so true, so free from art,
  So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
  Could be my comrade everywhere,
  My little brother of the air,
I'd choose the song-sparrow, my dear,
Because he'd bless me, every year,
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

— Henry Van Dyke.

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CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST JOURNEY

In 1910, Captain Scott for the second time set out under the direction of The Royal Geographical Society, with a well-equipped party, to carry on his study of the Antarctic continent and to attempt to reach the South Pole.

He landed on that continent in November, and proceeded at once to build a few of the twelve depots for which he had planned, between his landing-place and the Pole, which lay four hundred miles distant on the other side of a huge glacier ten thousand feet high. The other depots for the storing of food and fuel-oil they intended to build on the actual journey to the Pole.

After a hard, rough journey Scott and his four companions reached the Pole on January 16th, 1912, only to find the Norwegian flag flying there. For, starting on February 22nd, 1911, from a point sixty miles nearer to it than Scott's landing-place, Amundsen had made a dash for the Pole, using Eskimo dogs and the lightest equipment, and on December 16th, 1911, had won the honor of being the first to discover the spot.

The Scott party, after making the necessary observations, turned their faces towards home, sadly disappointed. Then began their last, long, hard, and unsuccessful struggle against rough ice, storms, hunger, and cold. The story of their stout-hearted endurance and noble courage is told in Captain Scott's diary, which was found lying beside him in his tent just eleven miles from safety.

For a time they succeeded in making good progress, notwithstanding high winds and rough travelling; but very

soon the condition of Evans and Oates caused Scott much concern. He wrote that he did not like the easy way in which Oates and Evans got frostbitten. As food was getting low and the cold was intense, Evans steadily lost strength, and on February 17th he dropped behind. When the rest returned to him he was very weak and died the next day.

After this sad event the survivors plodded on, finding without much difficulty the cairns and depots in which they had placed small supplies of food and oil on their way to the Pole. But in each case they found that, owing to leakage, the supply of oil was very scanty. Their feet were always cold, they were always hungry, and they talked of little but the food and oil they expected to find in the next cairn. The surface grew worse then ever, and their rate of progress was little more than a mile an hour.

Oates, especially, was finding it hard to march at all. His feet were frozen, and this made him very lame, but he resolutely struggled onward, as he did not mean to allow himself to become a burden to the rest. The future looked dark to him and to all of them; but, whatever these four Englishmen thought, they spoke cheerfully, as though their hardships were near an end. "We mean to see the game through with a proper spirit," wrote Scott. "But it is tough work."

At last Oates was forced to allow himself to be pulled on a sled. He did not complain of his plight, whatever he may have thought; but it was noticed that he grew more and more silent.

At the next depot, which they reached on March 5th, they found that both food and oil were very scanty, and

they were now reduced to the necessity of eating dog food only. For four days they had to remain in this spot, owing to a blizzard.

Oates became much worse, and he asked his comrades what he should do. They urged him to go on with them as long as he could. Soon his hands and feet became useless, and he begged to be left behind in his sleeping-bag. But the others encouraged him, and he continued with them.

That evening he was very weak, and he thought that he would not live till morning; but when the day dawned he was still living. Then he knew that he must no longer hesitate. A blizzard was raging, and he said to the others: "I am just going outside and may be some time." They knew what would happen if he left the tent, and they begged him to remain. But he walked out into the blizzard, and his friends saw him no more. Scott wrote in his diary: "It was the act of a brave man and of an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit; and assuredly the end is not far."

Scott, Wilson, and Bowers were now seriously frost-bitten; the blizzard raged for days; and yet they still bravely talked of reaching the next depot, twenty-one miles away, where they expected to find a relief party awaiting them. They had only a little oil left, and, when they were within fifteen miles of the depot, they had food for only a few days.

But they faced their terrible situation with an unconquered spirit; they struggled on till they were within eleven miles of safety. There the blizzard forced them to camp.

For several days they were held prisoners in their tent.

On March 20th their food supply was sufficient for only two days, and they had enough oil to heat only two cups of tea for each man. On the 23rd, Scott's entry reads: "We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far." This was followed by those last few words: "For God's sake! look after our people." This request touched the hearts of his countrymen, and they quickly responded to his last appeal.

Eight months later a search party found the tent in which the three men had met death. Scott had died later than the other two, for he had thrown his arm affectionately across Wilson. Beside him lay letters to his family and to the public, in which the same unconquerable spirit is shown: "What lots and lots I could tell you of this journey. How much better it has been than lounging in great comfort at home."

After the burial service had been read, the party built a huge cairn over the tent, and on the top they placed a cross. —Mary McGregor.

From "The Story of Captain Scott."

THE CHEERFUL LOCKSMITH

From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull, monotonous duty could have

brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything and felt kindly toward everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon, full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it. Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face all radi-

ant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed, like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a churlish strong-box or a prison door. Storehouses of good things, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip, and cheering laughter—these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty, and restraint, they would have left quadruple locked forever.

—Charles Dickens.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
  Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
  And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
  Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
  While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
  And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
  No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
  Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
  She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
  When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
  And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
  Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
  And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
  Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
  When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
  And the storm has ceased to blow!

— Thomas Campbell.

HOW ROBINSON CRUSOE MADE BREAD

It might be truly said that now I worked for my bread. It is a little wonderful, and what I believe few people have thought much upon, that is, the strange multitude of little things necessary in providing, producing, curing, dressing, making, and finishing this one article of bread.

First, I had no plough to turn up the earth, no spade or shovel to dig it. Well, this I conquered by making me a wooden spade, as I observed before; but this did my work but in a wooden manner; and though it cost me a great many days to make it, yet, for want of iron, it not only wore out the sooner, but made my work the harder, and performed much worse. However, this I bore with too, and was content to work it out with patience, and bear with the badness of the result. When the corn was sown, I had no harrow, but was forced to go over it myself, and drag a great heavy bough of a tree over it to scratch it, as it may be called, rather than rake or harrow it. When it was growing, or grown, I have observed already how many things I wanted to fence it, secure it, mow or reap it, cure and carry it home, thresh, part it from the chaff, and save it. Then I wanted a mill to grind it, sieves to dress it, yeast and salt to make it into bread, and an oven to bake it in.

I had long studied, by some means or other, to make myself some earthen vessels, which, indeed, I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find any clay, I might botch up some such pot as might, being dried by the sun, be hard enough and strong enough

to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and required to be kept so. And as this was necessary in preparing corn, meal, etc., which was the thing I was upon, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars, to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste;

what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out — the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell to pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having labored hard to find the clay — to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and work it — I could not make above

two large earthen ugly things (I cannot call them jars) in about two months' labor.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker baskets, which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw; and these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised. Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things, with better success, such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and anything my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard.

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if they would burn broken.

This set me to study how to order my fire so as to make it burn me some pots. I placed three large pipkins, and two or three pots, in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it, with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside, and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot

quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all; when I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours.

I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red color, and, watching them all night that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good (I will not say handsome) pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired.

After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must need say as to the shapes of them they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt pies.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine, when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold before I set one on the fire again, with some water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well; and with a piece of a kid I made some very good broth, though I wanted oatmeal and several other things to make it as good as I would have had it.

My next concern was to get me a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in; for as to the mill, there was no thought of arriving at that with one pair of hands. After a great deal of time lost in searching for a stone, I gave it over, and resolved to look for a great block of hard wood, which I found indeed much easier. Getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it and formed it on the outside with my axe and hatchet, and then, with the help of fire and infinite labor, made a hollow place in it, as the Indians

in Brazil make their canoes. After this, I make a great heavy pestle, or beater, of the wood called the iron-wood. This I prepared and laid by until I had my next crop of corn, which I proposed to myself to grind, or rather pound into meal, to make my bread.

My next difficulty was to make a sieve, or searce, to dress my meal, and to part it from the bran and the husk; without which I did not see it possible I could have any bread. All the remedy that I found for this was, that at last I did remember I had, among the seamen's clothes which were saved out of the ship, some neckcloths of calico or muslin; and with some pieces of these I made three small sieves, but proper enough for the work. And thus I made shift for a good many years; how I did afterwards, I shall show in its place.

The baking part was the next thing to be considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn. First, I had no yeast; but as to that part, as there was no supplying the want, I did not concern myself much about it. But for an oven, I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this: I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep, that is to say, about two feet in diameter, and not above nine inches deep. These I burned in the fire, as I had done the others, and laid them by. When I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon the hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles, of my own making and burning also; but I should not call them square.

When the firewood was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon the hearth, so as to

cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the hearth was very hot. Then, sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf or loaves, and turning down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat. Thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves, and became, in little time, a good pastry-cook into the bargain. I made myself several cakes and puddings of the rice. I made no pies, neither had I anything to put into them, supposing I had, except the flesh either of fowls or goats.

— Daniel Defoe.

From "Robinson Crusoe."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

A ROMAN'S HONOR

The Romans had suffered a terrible defeat in B.C. 251, and Regulus, a famous soldier and senator, had been captured and dragged into Carthage where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night, and testified their thanks to their god by offering in his fires the bravest of their captives.

Regulus himself was not, however, one of these victims. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness; while, in the meantime, the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought

that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison, if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarian's slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife, Marcia, ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave, and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first; then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task: "Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace and an exchange of prisoners." He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a senator, who had twice been consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But, at the command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again; and, indeed, he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself; and their chief priest came forward and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonor me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wound of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him—they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected, as calmly as if he had been returning to his home. This was in the year B.C. 249.

—Charlotte M. Yonge.

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS

In the glimmering light of the old Régime
A figure appears like the flashing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
His untamed will his law.
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid:
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
As a free Coureur-de-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.
A child of nature, untutored in art,
In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
Salût !* Coureur-de-Bois.

—Samuel Mathewson Baylis.

*Hail to you.

NOVEMBER

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
  The morning's snow is gone by night;
  Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
    As through the woods I reverent creep,
    Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds
  Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
  I never knew before how much
  Of human sound there is in such
    Low tones as through the forest sweep
    When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
  Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
  Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
  I hear their chorus of "good-night";
    And half I smile, and half I weep,
    Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
  Life's night rests feet which long have stood;

Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us "down to sleep."

— Helen Hunt Jackson.

WORK OR PLAY

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work — the very thought of it burnt him like fire.

He got out his worldly wealth and examined it — bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of

work maybe, but not enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys.

At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him. Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently; the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop, skip, and jump — proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding dong dong, ding dong dong, for he was personating a steamboat.

Tom went on whitewashing — paid no attention to the steamer. Ben stared a moment, and then said,

"Hi-yi! You're a stump, ain't you!"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said,

"Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said,

"What do you call work?"

"Why ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly,

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth — stepped back to note the effect — added a touch here and there — criticized the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said,

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he altered his mind: "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence — right here on the street, you know — but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No — is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly — well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't

you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it —"

"Oh, shucks; I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say — I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard —"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned

the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash.

By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon

came, from being a poor, poverty stricken boy in the morning Tom was literally rolling in wealth.

He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool-cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar — but no dog — the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while — plenty of company — and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it, namely, that, in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, he would have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is *obliged* to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is *not* obliged to do.

— Mark Twain.

From "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

Love your country, believe in her, honor her, work for her, live for her, die for her. Never has any people been endowed with a nobler birthright or blessed with prospects of a fairer future.

— Lord Dufferin.

AN ADJUDGED CASE

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the Lawyer and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning;
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court —
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened and may be again),
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then, shifting his side as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes,
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one "if" or "but" —
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight, Eyes should be shut.

— William Cowper.

THE BEGINNING OF ROME

We do not know just when, or how, or by whom the beginning of Rome was made. It happened so long ago, and there was so little writing in those early days, that no account, given at the time, has come down to us. Indeed, it is likely that nobody then dreamed that the world would ever care to know how this little city was commenced.

But, after Rome had begun to grow, and to conquer her neighbors, and people had begun to read and write, the Romans themselves began to be curious to know about the beginning of their city. It was too late to find out certainly then, for the persons who had lived at the time that it was founded were long dead and forgotten. But the Romans continued to wonder about it, and finally they made up many stories of the early years of their city, which they came to accept as true and have handed down to us.

According to these stories, the first settlers at Rome came from a little city named Alba Longa, and this was the way

in which they happened to leave that place and settle at Rome. The rightful king of Alba Longa had been put out of power by his brother. Then this brother had killed the true king's sons and shut up his daughter in prison, where twin sons were born to her. When her cruel uncle heard this and saw how large and strong the children were, he was much troubled; for he feared that, if they should grow up to be men, they might some day take his stolen throne away from him. He determined, therefore, to put them to death; so he took the sleeping children in the wooden trough which served as their cradle, and gave them to a servant, telling him to drown them in the Tiber River.

The river at this time was overflowing its banks, and the main current ran so swift and strong that the man was afraid to go near the bed of the stream. For this reason, he set the trough down in the shallow water at the river's edge and went his way. The children floated gently in this strange boat to a place where seven low hills rose upon the southern bank of the stream. The flood was now going down rapidly; and at the foot of a wild fig tree, which grew at the base of one of the hills, the cradle at last caught in a vine and came safely to land.

In this way the children escaped drowning, but they were still alone and uncared for, far from the homes of men. Soon, however, they were provided for in a wonderful manner. When they began to cry of hunger, a mother wolf that had lost her cubs came to them, and gave them milk, and a woodpecker flew down from the trees bringing them food. For some time these wild creatures were the children's only nurses, but at last a shepherd of Alba Longa,

who had often watched the wolf coming and going from the place, found the boys and saw how they had been cared for. The Italians of that time thought that wolves and woodpeckers were sacred to Mars, their god of war; so this shepherd believed that the children were favorites of that deity. Full of this thought, he carried them to his little hut, where his wife took charge of them as though they had been her own.

The children were named Romulus and Remus by the shepherd people, and, as the years passed, they grew up strong and brave, with spirits that nothing could subdue. Whenever there was a hunting party, or a contest in running or wrestling, or a struggle with robbers who tried to drive off their flocks and herds, Romulus and Remus were sure to be among the leaders of the shepherd band.

They won great fame among their companions, but they also gained the hatred of evil-doers. At last, some lawless men, in revenge, seized Remus at a festival, and bore him to the false king of Alba Longa, charging him with robbery. There the true king saw the young man, and, struck with his appearance, questioned him about his birth; but Remus could tell him little. In the meantime, the shepherd who had found the boys told Romulus the whole story of the discovery of Remus and himself; and Romulus gathered together a company of his friends and hurried to the city to save his brother. In this he soon succeeded; and then the two brothers joined together to punish the cruel king of Alba Longa, and to set their newly found grandfather on his throne once more.

After they had accomplished this, the brothers were not

content to remain in Alba Longa, for they wished to be rulers wherever they might be. As there were now more people in Alba than could live comfortably within its walls, it was decided to begin a new city under the leadership of Romulus and Remus; and the two brothers chose a location near the fig tree where they had been found as children by their foster-father.

This was an excellent place for a city. On the nearest hill, which was called the Palatine, they could build their fort; and at its foot were valleys in which they could pasture their sheep and cattle. The Tiber River was near at hand for their rude boats to come and go upon; and if, at any time, the city should grow too large for this one small hill, there were the six others close by to receive the overflow of people.

After Romulus and Remus had decided upon the place for their city, a difficulty arose. A new city must have a founder who should give his name to it; but which of the brothers should have this honor? As they were of the same age, and could not settle the matter by giving the honor to the elder, they agreed to leave the choice to the gods of the place. So each took his stand upon one of the hills to receive a sign by watching the flight of birds. Remus saw six vultures from his hilltop; but Romulus, a little later, saw twelve. This was thought to be a better sign than that of Remus; so Romulus became the founder of the new city, and it was called Rome after him.

— Caroline H. and Samuel B. Harding.

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MIRIAM'S SONG

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — His people are free!
Sing, — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, —

How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord has looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — His people are free!

— Thomas Moore.

UP THE OTTAWA RIVER

But now everything was ready. La Vérendrye gave the word of command, and the canoes leaped forward on their long voyage.

The way lay up the broad and picturesque Ottawa, rich even then with the romantic history of a century of heroic exploits. This was the great highway between the St. Lawrence and the Upper Lakes for explorers, missionaries, war parties, and traders. Up this stream, one hundred and eighteen years before, Champlain had pushed his way, persuaded by the ingenious impostor Nicolas Vignau that here was the direct road to Cathay. At St. Anne's the expedition made a brief halt to ask a blessing on the enterprise. Here the men had again taken their places, paddles dipped at the word of command, and, like a covey of birds, the canoes skimmed over the dark waters of the Ottawa, springing under the sinewy strokes of a double row of paddlers against the swift current of the river.

Following the shore closely, they made rapid progress up-stream. At noon they landed on a convenient island,

where they quickly kindled a fire. A pot of tea was swung above it from a tripod. With jest and story the meal went on, and as soon as it was finished they were again afloat, paddling vigorously and making quick time. Sunset approached — the brief and indescribably beautiful sunset of a Canadian summer. The sun sank behind the maples and cedars, and a riot of color flooded the western horizon. Rainbow hues swept up half-way to the zenith, waving, mingling, changing from tint to tint, as through the clouds flamed up the last brightness of the sinking sun. A rollicking chorus sank away on the still air, and the men gazed for a moment upon a scene which, however familiar, could never lose its charm. The song of the birds was hushed. All nature seemed to pause. Then as the outermost rim of the sun dropped from sight, and the brilliant coloring of a moment ago toned to rose and saffron, pink and mauve, the world moved on again, but with a seemingly subdued motion.

In the cool twilight the men paddled on, placing mile after mile between them and Montreal. Presently the river widened into a lakelike expanse. The moon rose and shot its soft gleam across the water. No ripple stirred the smooth surface, save where the paddles dipped and the prow of each canoe cut like a knife through the stream. Belated birds flew overhead, making for home. A stag broke through the bushes on the farther shore, caught sight of the canoes, gazed on them for a moment, and then disappeared. It was growing late when La Vérendrye, from the foremost canoe, gave the word to camp. The canoes turned shoreward, lightly touching the shelving bank, and

the men sprang nimbly to the land. Fires were lighted, the tents were pitched, and everything was made snug for the night. The hunters had not been idle during the

Parliament Buildings, Ottawa

day, and a dozen brace of birds were soon twirling merrily on the spit, while venison steaks added appetizing odors.

Their hunger satisfied, the men lounged about on the grass, smoking and listening to the yarns of some famous story-teller. Then, as the camp-fires sank into heaps of glowing embers, each man would wrap his blanket about him and with kind mother earth for his pillow and only the dome of heaven above him, would sleep as only those may whose resting-place is in the free air of the wilderness.

At sunrise they were once more away on a long day's paddle up-stream. They passed the Long Sault, where long before the heroic Dollard and his little band of Frenchmen held at bay a large war party of Iroquois — sacrificing their lives to save the little struggling colony at Montreal. Again, their way lay beneath those towering

cliffs overlooking the Ottawa, on which now stand the Canadian Houses of Parliament. They had just passed the curtain-like falls of the Rideau on one side, and the mouth of the turbulent Gatineau on the other, and before them lay the majestic Chaudière. Here they disembarked. The voyagers, following the Indian example, threw a votive offering of tobacco into the boiling cauldron, for the benefit of the dreaded Windigo. Then, shouldering canoes and cargo, they made their way along the portage to the upper stream, and, launching and reloading the canoes, proceeded on their journey. So the days passed, each one carrying them farther from the settlements and on, ever on, towards the unknown West, and perhaps to the Western Sea.

— Lawrence J. Burpee.

From "Pathfinders of the Plains" in "The Chronicles of Canada" by permission of Glasgow, Brook & Co.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore
O sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
O grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

—Thomas Moore.

RULE, BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

—James Thomson.

Sir John Millais

THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE TIDAL BORE

Of all the rivers that flow into the Bay of Fundy none is more remarkable than the Petitcodiac. At high tide it is full — a mighty stream; at low tide it is empty — a channel of mud forty miles long; and the intervening periods are marked by the furious flow of ascending or descending waters.

And now, as the boys sat there looking out upon the expanse of mud before them, they became aware of a dull, low, booming sound that came up from a far-distant point, and seemed like the voice of many waters sounding from the storm-vexed bay outside. There was no moon, but the light was sufficient to enable them to see the exposed river bed, far over to the shadowy outline of the opposite shore. Here, where in the morning a mighty ship had floated, nothing could now float; but the noise that broke upon their ears told them of the return of the waters that now were about to pour onward with resistless might into the empty channel, and send successive waves far along into the heart of the land.

"What is that noise?" asked Bruce. "It grows louder and louder."

"That," said Bart, "is the bore of the Petitcodiac."

"Have you ever seen it?"

"Never. I've heard of it often, but have never seen it."

But their words were interrupted now by the deepening thunder of the approaching waters. Towards the quarter whence the sound arose they turned their heads involuntarily. At first they could see nothing through the gloom

of night; but at length, as they strained their eyes looking down the river, they saw in the distance a faint, white, phosphorescent gleam, and, as it appeared, the roar grew louder, and louder, and more all-pervading. On it came, carrying with it the hoarse cadence of some vast surf flung ashore from the workings of a distant storm, or the thunder of some mighty cataract tumbling over a rocky precipice.

And now, as they looked, the white, phosphorescent

glow grew brighter, and then whiter, like snow; every minute it approached nearer, until at last, full before them and beneath them, there rolled a giant wave, extending across the bed of the river, crescent-shaped, with its convex side advancing forwards, and its ends following after within short distance from the shore.

The great wave rolled on, one mass of snow-white foam, behind which gleamed a broad line of phosphorescent lustre from the agitated waters, which in the gloom of night had a certain baleful radiance. As it passed on its path, the roar

came up more majestically from the foremost wave; and behind that came the roar of other billows that followed in its wake. By daylight the scene would have been grand and impressive; but now, amid the gloom, the grandeur became indescribable.

The force of these mighty waters seemed indeed resistless, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys reflected that the schooner was out of reach of its sweep. Its passage was swift, and soon it had passed beyond them; and afar up the river, long after it had passed from sight, they heard the distant thunder of its onward march.

—James De Mille.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said: "No chains shall sully thee,
  Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
  They shall never sound in slavery!"

—Thomas Moore.

THE RIVER

Why hurry, little river,
  Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue
  And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,
  From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
  And the quiet cattle feed?
The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool;
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream

Of the mighty woods that sleep
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh, linger, little river,
  Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
  Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
  On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
  With the music of the stars.

—Canon F. G. Scott.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE ROUND-UP

It was only a little after four o'clock when the cowboys sprang on their ponies, the cavalcade fell into line, and Johnny took his seat in the mess-wagon and gathered up the reins of the four prancing horses. Red, with Jack beside him on his pony, headed the procession, and, waving his hand, dashed forward over the dewy grass, with the whole outfit stringing out behind him. The horses danced and capered from side to side, and now and then one reared or bucked, nearly sending his rider off over his head, while laughing voices and merry banter flew backward and forward along the column.

Gradually the wan gray light broadened to day, and the sun came up above the flat rim of the horizon, flooding sky and earth with its rosy light; and as Jack reached the top of a little knoll he turned and looked back, thinking that never had he beheld so inspiring a sight.

Onward over the fresh, dewy grass of the prairies came the cowboys, clothed in their careless, picturesque costumes, sitting their prancing ponies as easily and gracefully as

if they had been born in the saddle, the bright morning sunshine lighting up their keen, clear eyes, their bronzed faces, and their lithe, muscular forms. Behind them rumbled the creaking mess-wagon with Limping Johnny perched proudly upon the driver's seat, managing his four dancing horses with ease and skill, as happy as a king, and beaming with the knowledge that he could now show off his two greatest accomplishments, those of driving a four-horse team, and cooking for a crowd of hungry men, never having a break-down or an accident, or a thing spoiled, or a meal behind time. Following the mess-wagon came

the bed-wagon, driven by the night-wrangler; and last of all came Thad Sawyer, the head horse-wrangler, driving before him the reserve horses called by the cowboys the "saddle-bunch."

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when the cavalcade arrived at the point at which the round-up was to begin.

All the cattle companies from miles around were gathered there. And great was the uproar as the various "outfits" met, and the cowboys yelled, laughed, shouted, shook hands, played pranks, and gossipped. While the wagons drove up, fires were lighted, and the busy cooks began their preparations for an early dinner.

It was as if an army had sprung out of the ground; and the prairies, which for months had resounded to no louder sound than the song of a meadow-lark, the bellowing of a steer, or the barking of a coyote, now echoed to the hum of human voices, the rattling of wagons, the tread of feet, the firing of pistols — the noisy bustle of a camp.

Each cattle company had its own mess and bed-wagons and its own set of men, who worked under the direction of a foreman. The various "outfits" now gathered about their own "chuck-wagons," and the clatter of knives and forks, the rattle of tin cups and plates, were mingled with loud talk and bursts of laughter, as the hungry men scrambled into their places and fell to with a will on the coarse camp fare.

The meal was conducted with but scant ceremony, for the biggest work of the year lay before them, and there was no time to lose.

As each cowboy finished his bacon and beans, black coffee, and "hunk" of warm bread, he sprang up, took a long draught from the tin pail that stood by with a dipper bobbing on its top, then hurried off to the saddle-bunch, where he selected from his "string" the pony best calculated to make a brilliant display of his horsemanship. Each cowboy on the round-up has a "string" of ten horses, reserved for his own use, for which he is personally responsible; and it is a matter of keen rivalry among them as to whose horses are in the best condition and can do the best and most intelligent work.

When all were ready and in the saddle, away they went, whooping, yelling, laughing, swinging lariats, hats, even waistcoasts, round their heads; riding on, under, and over their ponies; at one moment stooping to pick up a stone from the ground while at full gallop, at another lying flat along the pony's neck, at another standing erect in the stirrups; while the ponies bucked, kicked, and plunged, well knowing that this was not business, but a mere little preliminary sprint as an outlet for exuberant spirits.

After a dash of a few miles the cowboys settled down to a more quiet pace; and, dividing up, circled out for many miles, driving before them all the cattle they could find.

The poor creatures, having forgotten the terrors of the last round-up in a long season of peace and quiet, ran hither and thither, bellowing with fright; but the well-trained cow-ponies surrounded and drove them on, working in and out among the frightened beasts with an adroitness and intelligence that was almost human: continually rounding up and urging them forward, until towards sunset the dif-

ferent outfits began to arrive in camp, driving before them a wild-eyed, bellowing lot of cattle.

These were driven towards a common centre, and the "bunch" was guarded by men who rode in a circle around it, keeping the cattle together.

Jack had been to some of the small round-ups, but never before had he seen this great annual collection of all the cattle on the range, and he was fairly beside himself with excitement. He rode in and out among the cowboys and the cattle, trying in his small way to imitate the daring deeds of the reckless riders, until Red ordered him sharply to go back to the wagons and keep out of danger.

The ponies that had started out so gayly in the morning were meek and quiet enough now, and, while the men ate their supper, they were taken back to the herd, while fresh horses were brought out by the cowboys, who sprang upon their backs and began to "cut out" the cattle according to their brands.

Up to a very few years ago there were no fences on the western ranges, and all the cattle were allowed to run at large; and during the winter months the cattle belonging to many individuals and companies got mixed together. Each cattle company ("outfit" as it is called) has its own brand with which its cattle are marked, this brand being burned with a hot iron upon the hide of the animal. X-Bar-B (marked $\frac{X}{B}$) was the brand of Bill Buck's cattle, and it was from that brand that the ranch derived its name.

Once every year, usually in the early spring, all the cattle running loose on the range are herded, or "rounded-up";

that is, are driven to a common centre, the "mavericks" and young cattle are branded, and the companies take stock of their yearly profits and increase.

To "cut out" the cattle means that those cowboys who are most familiar with the different brands ride into the "bunch," and separate and drive apart all the cattle marked

with the brand of their own company. Thus, Thad, Shorty, Broncho Joe, Red, Big Pete, and Bill himself, with a number of others with whom this story is not concerned, rode in and out among the cattle, driving to one side all that were marked with the $\frac{X}{B}$, while other cowboys rode around on

the outskirts of the "bunch" and guarded and herded them, so that none of them should get away or again become mixed with the other cattle.

It was dark when this assorting of the day's drive was completed, and the men, who had been on horseback since daylight, were tired out and ready for bed.

Humble enough beds they were, consisting only of blankets and a tarpaulin, which, stretched on the ground beside the wagon, made a bed whereon the cowboys enjoyed a sleep which a king upon his couch of down might have envied them.

Gradually the noises of the camp diminished, and soon all was still, except the soughing of the wind across the prairies, the stamping of the horses, the deep, regular breathing of the sleepers, and the musical singing of the "Hic-co-o-o-o, hic-co-o-o-o," of the men who were watching the herds.

There is nothing, perhaps, in all the striking and picturesque features of plains life that is more impressive to the novice than this singing of the cowboys to the herds at night; and Jack, propping himself up on his elbow, listened intently.

Harassed and bewildered, terrified and furious, the cattle are driven from their peaceful, quiet, and free life of the open plains before a mob of shouting men and charging horses, and, packed into a close "bunch" on the outskirts of the camp, are guarded by the "night-herd," who ride around and around the circle, slowly and monotonously singing in their clear, musical voices the soothing melodies that cattle love.

One of the greatest horrors of cattlemen is the stampede, and against this they guard in every possible manner. In the nervous and excited state in which the cattle arrive in camp, it requires but the slightest alarm at night to drive them into a panic, in which they become like mad creatures, lose all sense and control, and charge blindly away across the prairies, trampling horses and riders, young stock and weaker creatures, beneath their feet, and scattering death and devastation in their pathway.

It is to avoid this disaster, and to soothe and quiet the distracted creatures, that the cowboys ride around the herd at night, watching and guarding them, and singing as they ride their soothing, monotonous song.

Sometimes this song is nothing more than the long-drawn, monotonous "Hic-co-o-o-o, hic-co-o-o-o, hic-co-o-o-o"; again it is some favorite song of the camp, in which the whole night-herd joins, sending up through the soft, enfolding darkness a volume of melody that vibrates across the brooding silence of the plains, until the poor beasts grow calm and quieted, and one by one lie down to sleep.

—Mary K. Maule.

From "The Little Knight of the X-Bar-B" by permission of the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston.

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master mind.

We hoped an honored age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and the dim,
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of
State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us
free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
And England's glory is the sea.

One only vow above his bier,
One only oath beside his bed:
We swear our flag shall shield him here
Until the sea gives up its dead!

Leap, waves of England! Boastful be,
And fling defiance in the blast,
For Earth is envious of the Sea
Which shelters England's dead at last.

—Robert J. C. Stead.

From "Kitchener and Other Poems" by permission of The Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto.

ALAN McLEOD, V. C.

The Great War added to the records of British valor countless deeds of unequalled bravery. In that war, the most terrible ever fought, the manhood of our Empire set new standards of gallantry for our race. The sea, the land, the air bear witness to their courage.

The Air Force especially gave hundreds of examples of the most splendid courage and devotion. Our pilots, most of them mere youths, showed wonderful dash and skill. Many of them won military honors by their fearless exploits. Conspicious among these was Lieutenant Alan McLeod, who was awarded the most coveted of all decorations—the Victoria Cross.

Alan Arnett McLeod was born at Stonewall, Manitoba. He was attending school there when war broke out, and, like many another Canadian lad, waited eagerly for the time when his age would permit him to join the Air Force. Three days after his eighteenth birthday he left to report at Toronto, and reached France as a commissioned officer in December, 1917.

On March 21st, 1918, came the last great German offensive. Half a million of their best troops were hurled with terrific force against the Fifth British Army. The British line was bent and broken, and through the gaps poured the masses of German infantry in victorious advance. The tide of battle swept back over the costly ground won in the Somme campaign, back over the old British lines, and paused only when fresh divisions faced the Germans on the line before Amiens.

During our retreat the Allied airmen worked tirelessly to hamper the German troops. Bombs and machine-guns took terrible toll of the marching columns of gray-coats. The German airmen did their utmost to drive our pilots from the air, and the monotony of bombing was varied by the more exciting dangers of air duels. The air was full of German squadrons, and, until new dispositions could be

Alan McLeod, V. C

made of our air strength, our men had to fight against very heavy odds.

On the morning of Wednesday, March 27th, Lieutenant McLeod and his observer, Lieutenant Hammond, rose from an aerodrome near Bethune and headed for Albert. With them flew five other bombing machines. The weather was thick and misty; clouds hung low over the earth, sodden with a light fall of melting snow. McLeod had great difficulty in keeping his squadron in sight and lost them completely before reaching Albert. The ground was unfamiliar both to him and to his observer, and so, spying a British aerodrome, they decided to make a landing.

They lunched and set out once more for Albert. After looking in vain for a friendly squadron which they might join, they flew over the battle-lines to drop their load of bombs. They knew the danger of going alone, but that made no difference. They must not fail the hard-pressed infantry below, who were in desperate need of all the help that they could give.

Beneath them the battle-lines writhed and twisted as khaki and gray met in stubborn hand-to-hand conflicts. They could be of no use here, for friends and foes were too closely mingled in that awful death grapple. They flew on and searched for a target back of the struggling infantry. Sighting a German battery in action, they flew down low over it and began to drop their bombs.

Suddenly the air seemed full of hostile planes. A squadron of eight triplanes had swooped down upon the lonely Britisher from behind the heavy clouds where they had lurked in ambush. Huge things they were, decked out in bright

red paint, with Germany's black cross upon their wings. They fired as they came.

McLeod climbed rapidly to five thousand feet and engaged the foe. His only hope of safety lay in speed of action. All his skill was brought into play. He dived, looped, slipped, and stalled, dodging the German fire, while Hammond poured burst after burst of bullets into the German planes. In quick succession three of the enemy went crashing down to earth.

The British plane was soon riddled by the hail of bullets. McLeod was bleeding from five wounds, Hammond from six. Nothing daunted, they fought on. At last a shot pierced their petrol tank, and a spurt of flame told them that they faced the most awful danger of the air, a burning plane.

McLeod nose-dived without hesitation. The fire was on the right side of the plane; if it could be kept there, he had a slight chance of reaching the earth in safety. Carefully he freed himself from his belt, climbed out of the cockpit, and balanced himself on the left wing. From there he guided the plane to earth, side-slipping steeply so that the rush of the plane drove the fire back. The German planes followed them down, firing all the way, while Hammond, despite the burning plane, despite the impending crash, gave them burst for burst.

They crashed between the lines. McLeod fell clear and escaped injury, but Hammond, still belted in his seat, was pinned beneath the blazing wreckage. The German planes continued to pour heavy fire upon them. German machine-guns in the trenches swept them with a level stream of bullets. To add to the danger, if that were pos-

sible, eight bombs and a thousand rounds of ammunition, which they had not used, were likely to explode at any minute. These could have been dropped during the descent, but McLeod was not certain of his position and refused to risk bombing his own comrades on the earth below.

As calmly as though upon a training field, McLeod set to work to release his observer. A splinter from a German shell struck him as he worked. He paid no heed. Although weakened by his wounds and exhausted by the dreadful strain, he set his teeth and doggedly tugged and pulled, pried and loosened, until he succeeded in freeing his comrade. With a last great effort he dragged Hammond a few paces away from the wreck, just in time to save them both from the long-expected explosion of their load of bombs. Then, his task finished, he fell unconscious.

The boys were carried into the British lines by a few South Africans, after a sharp fight with a party of Germans, who rushed out of their trenches to capture the two heroes. Balked of their prey, the Germans pounded the trench in which they lay with heavy shells, so that eight hours elapsed before they received medical attention.

For months McLeod hovered between life and death. His father went to England to be at his son's bedside. At last he recovered sufficiently to return to Canada. All Winnipeg acclaimed the hero, as he stepped from the train with his father. He intended to return to France, but the life so miraculously spared upon the battlefield was taken by influenza on November 6th, 1918.

He has gone; and yet he leaves behind an undying story and an immortal name. He will live forever as a type of the

best and noblest of our nation. His example will inspire Canadians through the years to come with love of honor, contempt of danger, pride of race. That is true immortality.

—D. E. Hamilton.

JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees

For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo — again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side;
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing, in his pride,
In the forests of the North; — while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold:
Where the Wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain — he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves — the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy, in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key;
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

— Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

One evening in times long ago old Philemon and his wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grape vine on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple.

The shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveller is seeking food and lodging in the village yonder, and our neighbors have set their dogs at him, as their custom is."

"Welladay!" answered Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures."

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until, at the foot of the little hill on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. The travellers were very humbly clad, and this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these people."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors and see whether we can get them anything for supper."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon went forward and extended his hand, saying in the heartiest tone, "Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of a way. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveller's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, the traveller wore a cloak, which he kept wrapped closely about him. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes. He was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveller. "But I always find my feet grow heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld; it was made of olive wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two

snakes carved in the wood were twining themselves about the staff, and old Philemon almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting. Before he could ask any questions, however, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my time, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the trees, and the stream murmuring through the midst of the valley."

The stranger shook his head. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!" He looked so stern that Philemon was almost frightened; the more so, that when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers both began to talk with Philemon.

"Pray, my friend," asked the old man of the younger stranger, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveller. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit me well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there! Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you," replied Quicksilver. "No other voice is loud enough."

Baucis had now got supper ready and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest turns the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

The supper was exceedingly small, and the travellers drank all the milk in their bowls at one draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," said Baucis, in great confusion, "I am sorry and ashamed; but the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher."

"It appears to me," cried Quicksilver, taking the pitcher by the handle, "that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher." And to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher is empty now."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the entire contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Baucis turned the pitcher upside down to show that there was not a drop left. What was her surprise, therefore, when such a stream of milk fell bubbling into the bowl that it was filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather dry and crusty, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. But, oh, the honey! Its color was that of the purest gold, and it had the odor of a thousand flowers. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelled.

Baucis could not but think that there was something out of the common in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests, she sat down by Philemon and told him what she had seen.

"Did you ever hear the like?" she whispered.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear wife, that there happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all."

"Another cup of this delicious milk," said Quicksilver, "and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time old Philemon took up the pitcher himself; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in what Baucis had whispered to him. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher and speedily

filled it to the brim. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand. He quickly set it down and cried out, "Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?"

"Your guests, Philemon, and your friends!" replied the elder traveller, in his mild, deep voice. "We are your guests and friends, and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, nor for needy wayfarers!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. When left alone, the good old couple spent some time in conversation about the events of the evening and then lay down to sleep.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes the next morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun and made their preparations to depart. They asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance and show them the road.

"Ah me!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up their dogs and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so!" cried good old Baucis.

"My dear friends," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of mischief in his eyes, "where is this village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie?"

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the street, the children playing

in it. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile valley in the hollow of which it lay had ceased to have existence. In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveller, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it in the distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; therefore, the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky.

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveller, — "and you, kind Baucis, — you, with your scanty means, have done well, my dear old friends. Request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look towards your cottage."

They did so. What was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble on the spot where their humble residence had stood.

"There is your home," said the stranger, smiling on them both. "Show your kindness in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The astonished old people fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time in making happy and comfortable everybody who happened to pass that way. They lived in their palace a very great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings. The guests searched everywhere, but all to no purpose. At last they espied in front of the door, two venerable trees, which no one had ever seen there before. One was an oak and the other a linden tree.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees could have come to be so tall in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their boughs astir. Then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

"I am Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am Baucis!" murmured the linden tree.

And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound could so much resemble words like these, —

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveller, welcome!"

— Nathaniel Hawthorne.

From toil he wins his spirits light,
  From busy day the peaceful night,
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
  In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

St. Boniface and Fort Garry in the Olden Days

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR

Out and in the river is winding
  The links of its long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
  And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath
  With the drifting cloud-rack joins, —
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
  Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north wind
  From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
  And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
  And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
  That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
  Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
  The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
  To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
  Of the bells of St. Boniface —

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES

Among the many incidents that are preserved of Frontenac's second administration, none is so well worthy of record as the defence of the fort at Verchères by the young daughter of the seignior. Some years later the story was written down from the heroine's own recital.

Verchères is on the south shore of the St. Lawrence,

about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong blockhouse stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way.

On the morning of the twenty-second of October, 1692, the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The seignior was on duty at Quebec, and his wife was at Montreal. Their daughter Madeleine, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place, not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man. Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after, the man cried out, "Run, Miss, run! here come the Iroquois!" She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. "I ran for the fort. The Iroquois who chased me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, '*To arms! To arms!*' At the gate I found two women weeping for their husbands, who had just been killed. I made them go in, and then I shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people who were with me.

"I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down, and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself. When the breaches were stopped, I went to the blockhouse where the ammunition was kept, and here I found the two soldiers,

SALUTING MADELEINE DE VERCHÈRES

one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Light the powder and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I; 'go out of this place.' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed.

"I then threw off my bonnet; and, after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my two brothers, 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember, our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.' "

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois. They, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields.

Madeleine ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers who were hunting at a distance. Presently a canoe was seen approaching the landing-place. It contained a settler named Fontaine, and his family, who were trying to reach the fort. The Iroquois were still near, and Madeleine feared that the newcomers would be killed, if something were not done to aid them. She appealed to the soldiers, but finding their courage was not equal to the attempt, she herself went to the landing-place and was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed, she made them march before her in full sight of

the enemy. They put so bold a face on that the Iroquois thought they themselves had most to fear.

"After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail. The Iroquois were meanwhile lurking about us; and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness. I assembled all my troops, that is to say, six persons, and spoke thus to them, 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and you, Fontaine, with our two soldiers, will go to the blockhouse with the women and children, because that is the strongest place. If I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy can't hurt you in the blockhouse, if you make the least show of fight.'

"I placed my young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, while I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the blockhouse to the fort, and from the fort to the blockhouse. The Iroquois thought the place was full of soldiers and were completely deceived, as they confessed afterwards.

"I may say with truth that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the blockhouse to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last a lieutenant arrived in the night with forty men. I was at the time dozing, with my head on the table. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion and asked, 'Who are you?' One of them answered, 'We are Frenchmen, who come to bring you help.'

"I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw the officer, I saluted him, and said, 'Sir, I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly, 'They are already in good hands.'

"He inspected the fort and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, sir,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

—Francis Parkman.

THE UNBROKEN SONG

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
  And wild and sweet
  The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
  Had rolled along
  The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest:
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.
The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow:

Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!
And far to forwards the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore;
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids; we're far ahead:
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.
And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

— E. Pauline Johnson.

MOSES AT THE FAIR

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at the church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair — trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins.

The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all

followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck, good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

As night came on, I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it, ne

knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings, and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings, and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your sauce-pan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for

Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

— Oliver Goldsmith.

From "The Vicar of Wakefield."

"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT"

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky:
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay,
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept; and glimmering faint,
With twist of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
The tender silence broke —
Save where a young lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir,
Where dusky olives grew.

With fingers on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth;

Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
That wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless Peace to men —
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring —
"The Christ is born! the Lord has come,
Good will on earth to bring!"

— Margaret Deland.

THE BUFFALO

When the early Spanish adventurers penetrated from the seaboard of America into the great central prairie region, they beheld for the first time a strange animal whose countless numbers covered the face of the country. When De Soto had been buried in the dark waters of the Mississippi, the remnant of his band, pursuing their western way, entered the "country of the wild cows." When in the same year explorers pushed their way northward from Mexico into the region of the Rio del Norte, they looked over immense plains black with moving beasts. Nearly one hundred years later, settlers on the coast of New England heard from westward-hailing Indians of huge beasts on the shores of a great lake not many days' journey to the north-

west. Naturalists in Europe, hearing of the new animal, named it the bison; but the colonists united in calling it the buffalo.

The true home of this animal lay in the great prairie region between the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi, the Texan forest, and the Saskatchewan River. Many favorite spots had this huge animal throughout the great domain

over which he roamed — many beautiful scenes where, along river meadows, the grass in winter was still succulent and the wood "bays" gave food and shelter — but no more favorite ground than this valley of the Saskatchewan: thither he wended his way from the bleak plains of the Missouri in herds that passed and passed for days and nights in seemingly never-ending numbers.

The Indians who then occupied these regions killed only what was required for the supply of the camps, a mere speck in the dense herds that roamed up to the very doors of the wigwams; but when the trader pushed his adventurous way into the fur regions of the north, the herds of the Sas-

katchewan plains began to experience a change in their surroundings. The meat, pounded down and mixed with fat into "pemmican," was found to supply a most excellent food for transport service, and accordingly vast numbers of buffalo were destroyed to supply the demand of the fur-traders.

In the border-land between the wooded country and the plains, the Crees, not satisfied with the ordinary methods of destroying the buffalo, devised a plan by which great multitudes could be easily annihilated. This method of hunting consists in the erection of strong wooden enclosures called "pounds," into which the buffalo are guided by the supposed magic power of a medicine man. Sometimes for two days the medicine man will live with the herd, which he half guides and half drives into the enclosures; sometimes he is on the right, sometimes on the left, and sometimes, again, in the rear of the herd, but never to windward of them. At last they approach the pound, which is usually concealed in a thicket of wood.

For many miles from the entrance to this pound two gradually converging lines of tree stumps and heaps of snow lead out into the plains. Within the lines the buffalo are led by the medicine man, and, as the lines narrow towards the entrance, the herd, finding itself hemmed in on both sides, becomes more and more alarmed, until at length the great beasts plunge on into the pound itself, across the mouth of which ropes are quickly thrown and barriers raised.

Then commences the slaughter. From the wooded fence around arrows and bullets are poured into the dense plung-

ing mass of buffalo, careering wildly around the ring. Always going in one direction, with the sun, the poor beasts race on until not a living thing is left; then, when there is nothing more to kill, the cutting-up commences, and pemmican making goes on apace.

Widely different from this indiscriminate slaughter is the fair hunt on horseback in the great open plains. The approach, the cautious survey over some hill-top, the wild charge on the herd, the headlong flight, the turn to bay, the fight and fall — all this contains a large share of that excitement which we call by the much-abused term sport.

One evening, shortly before sunset, I was steering my way through the sandy hills of the Platte valley, in the State of Nebraska, towards Fort Kearney; both horse and rider were tired after a long day over sand-bluff and meadow-land. Crossing a grassy ridge, I suddenly came in sight of three buffalo just emerging from the broken bluff. Tired as was my horse, the sight of one of these three animals urged me to one last chase. He was a very large bull, whose black, shaggy mane and dewlap nearly brushed the short prairie grass beneath him. I dismounted behind the hill, tightened the saddle-girths, looked to rifle and cartridge-pouch, and then remounting rode slowly over the intervening ridge. As I came in view of the three beasts thus majestically stalking their way towards the Platte for the luxury of an evening drink, the three shaggy heads were thrown up — one steady look given, then round went the animals and away for the bluffs again. With a whoop and a cheer I gave chase, and the mustang, answering gamely to my call, launched himself well over the prairie. Sing-

ling out the large bull, I urged the horse with spur and voice; then rising in the stirrups I took a snap-shot at my quarry. The bullet struck him in the flank, and quick as lightning he wheeled down upon me.

It was now my turn to run. I had urged the horse with voice and spur to close with the buffalo, but still more vigorously did I endeavor, under the altered position of affairs, to make him increase the distance lying between us. Down the sandy incline thundered the huge beast, gaining upon us at every stride. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him close to my horse's tail, with head lowered and eyes flashing furiously under their shaggy covering. The horse was tired, the buffalo was fresh, and it seemed as if another instant must bring pursuer and pursued into wild collision.

Throwing back my rifle over the crupper, I laid it at arm's length, with muzzle full upon the buffalo's head. The shot struck the centre of his forehead, but he only shook his head when he received it; still it seemed to check his pace a little, and, as we had now reached level ground, the horse began to gain something upon his pursuer.

Quite as suddenly as he had charged, the bull now changed his tactics. Wheeling off, he followed his companions, who by this time had vanished into the bluffs. It never would have done to lose him after such a fight, so I brought the mustang round again and gave chase.

This time a shot fired low behind the shoulder brought my fierce friend to bay. Proudly he turned upon me, but now his rage was calm and stately; he pawed the ground, and blew with short, angry snorts the sand in clouds from the plain. Moving thus slowly towards me he seemed the

Rosa Bonheur

A Herd of Buffalo

incarnation of strength and angry pride. But his doom was sealed. I remember so vividly all the wild surroundings of the scene — the great silent waste, the two buffalo watching from a hill-top the fight of their leader, the noble beast himself stricken but defiant, and, beyond, the thousand glories of the prairie sunset.

It was only to last an instant, for the giant bull, still with low-bent head and angry snorts, advancing slowly towards his puny enemy, sank quietly to the plain and stretched his limbs in death. Never since that hour, though often but a two days' ride from buffalo, have I sought to take the life of one of these noble animals.

Too soon will the last of them have vanished from the great central prairie land; never again will those countless herds roam from the Platte to the Missouri, from the Missouri to the Saskatchewan; chased for his robe, for his beef, for sport, for the very pastime of his death, he is rapidly vanishing from the land. Far in the northern forests of the Athabaska a few buffalo may for a time bid defiance to man; but they, too, must disappear, and nothing be left of this giant beast save the bones that for many an age will whiten the prairies over which the great herds roamed at will in times before the white man came.

— Sir William Francis Butler.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again.

THE SEA

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

— Bryan Waller Procter.

THE LAWS OF THE LAND

Let us suppose something very strange. Suppose that some day the principal of the school were to give notice that all the rules were suspended. Everyone might do as he pleased for the whole morning; the pupils might get their lessons or not; they might recite or not; they might whisper and talk aloud; they might play games; they might make mischief if they chose; they might, if they liked, injure the books and desks; the stronger or careless boys might hurt the little ones. What do you think would happen then?

It is possible that some of the boys would like such a school for a day or two. But they would soon become

tired of it. No one could possibly learn anything; no one could even read story-books in peace; the noise would be dreadful; the teacher would not be of the slightest use; the schoolhouse would not be half so good a place to play in as the playground is. In fact, to suspend all the rules would be like stopping the school. The children would go home and say to their parents, "We do not want to go to that school any longer; we cannot learn anything there." Or, perhaps the older and brighter boys by the end of the third day would come to the principal and say, "We wish that you would make a few rules for us."

"What rules shall I make?" the principal might say. "Will you vote to make some rules yourselves?"

"Yes," the boys would answer, "very willingly. We will vote to have decent order in the schoolroom. We will vote to stop the talking and the play. We will vote to give every fellow a fair chance to study in quiet. We will vote to have recitations again and not to let anyone interrupt the lessons with noise. We will vote not only that the teacher ought to be here promptly on time when school begins, but that every one of us ought also to be in his seat. We will vote that, so long as we go to school, no one shall be absent without some good reason."

"Very well," the principal might reply. "I like your rules. Let us call them *our* rules, and let us first vote for them, and then let us all try to keep them."

We do not even like to guess what would happen if all the laws of the land were suspended for a single week. To be sure, most people would go on as before and behave them-

selves perfectly well. But a very few mischievous people might make much costly trouble. What if half-crazy men should get drunk and go through the streets firing revolvers into the crowd? Or what if mischief-makers should set fire to buildings? No people that we have ever heard of have tried the experiment of living without any laws.

Where do our laws come from? Some of them have come down from very ancient times. Our forefathers used them for hundreds of years. They seem so good and sacred that men reverently say that "God taught them to men." The law not to murder, the law not to steal, the laws to keep ourselves pure, the laws not to injure our neighbors — these are the laws of intelligent and civilized men all over the world. We say that those who do not keep these grand and ancient laws are barbarians or savages.

Some of our laws have grown. There were new needs, and new laws had to be made to meet these needs. Thus, there were no laws about keeping the streets clean, till men found out that filthy streets breed disease. There could have been no laws about clearing the sidewalks of dust or rubbish in the days, not so long ago, when men had no sidewalks in their cities. There were no laws about railways till the age of steam came in.

All the laws, however they came, whether they are old or new, are *our* laws. They belong to all the people; they are for the sake of all of us, for the poor even more, if possible, than for the rich. We vote for the laws; or we vote for the men who make them; or we vote for the government that carries out and enforces the laws.

If any law happens not to seem to all of us quite fair, we can petition to have the law altered and made right. We can go to work and persuade others to join us in getting that law changed. But so long as the majority of the people vote to retain the law, no one has any right to suspend it selfishly and make disorder and trouble for all the rest.

Along the low coast of Holland the people build great embankments or dikes to keep the waters from overflowing the land and sweeping away the farmer's crops and his buildings. Our laws are like the vast dikes that curb the water of the ocean. Our laws defend our homes, our lives, our property. Whoever breaks a law is like the man who cuts the dike and lets the water run through. The harm and the cost come upon all of us.

Good rules do not take away your liberty. When the school for a single day suspends all its rules, freedom is taken away. No one any longer can possibly read or study; everyone is forced to be disturbed. The rules restore liberty. It is not true liberty to be allowed to spoil the school. True liberty is to be free to enjoy the privileges of the school. It is liberty to be able in quiet to read, to write, to study, to recite lessons.

So in the city, it is liberty to be able to go about one's business and not to be disturbed by anyone. It is liberty to be able to walk in the streets, without fear by night as well as by day. It is liberty to be able to display goods in the shop windows without danger of being robbed. It is liberty to be able to travel across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, and to find protection wherever one goes. Our laws give us this great liberty. The only demand

made of us is that we obey the laws as we wish others to obey them.

Some laws are for our convenience. Thus, if we are driving in a carriage or riding a bicycle, there is a rule or law to turn to the right in meeting another vehicle. Suppose we had no law on our roads, and one could go to the right or left as he liked. Do you not see at once how teams and riders would run into each other? Sometimes careless people think that they can break the rule "just once," and turn the wrong way. Or they venture to ride on crowded streets faster than the law allows. Many bad accidents happen to innocent persons, when selfish or reckless men dare to break the laws which are for the safety and convenience of all of us.

The laws are like the tracks on which the carwheels run. So long as the car keeps upon its track it will run swiftly and safely.

— Charles F. Dole.

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THE OUTPOST

The sweet west wind, the prairie school
a break in the yellow wheat,
The prairie trail that wanders by to the
place where the four winds meet —
A trail with never an end at all to the
eager children's feet.

A rain-washed sky, the morning sun, a
laugh along the trail,
A call as clear as a thrush's note, the
clink of a dinner-pail —
(Hark to the army coming fast through
the future's rending veil!)

A little patch of well-tramped earth, a
saucy gopher near,
And teacher waiting on the steps, her
kind eyes brave and clear;
A rough-cut pole where the flag flies up
to the shrill-voiced children's cheer.

An open door where the breeze steals in
and, by-and-bye, the sun —
And one and one are two, you know,
that's how the world is won,
For two and two make four — ah me, how
quickly school is done!

The frost, the snow! The prairie school,
when the wild north wind breaks free,
A tiny dot on the white that lies as wide
as eye can see —
A little bit of the Always Was on the field
of the great To Be.

So stands the outpost — time and change
will crowd its widening door,
Bringing the dreams we visioned and
the hopes we battled for —
A legacy to those who come, from
those who come no more!

— Isabel Ecclestone MacKay.

THE LOSS OF THE BRIG

By this time, now and then sheering to one side or the other to avoid a reef, but still hugging the wind and the land, we had got round Iona and begun to come alongside Mull. The tide at the tail of the land ran very strong and threw the brig about. Two hands were put to the helm, and the captain himself would sometimes lend a help; and it was strange to see three strong men throw their weight upon the tiller, and it, like a living thing, struggle against and drive them back. This would have been the greater danger had not the sea been for some while free of obstacles.

"Keep her away a point," cried the lookout from the top: "reef to windward."

Just at the same time the tide caught the brig and threw the wind out of her sails. She came round into the wind like a top, and the next moment struck the reef with such a dunch as threw us all flat upon the deck, and came nearer to shake the lookout from his place upon the mast. I was on my feet in a minute. The reef on which we had struck was close in under the south-west end of Mull, off a little island they call Earraid, which lay low and black upon the larboard. Sometimes the swell broke clean over us; sometimes it only ground the poor brig upon the reef, so that we could hear her beat herself to pieces; and what with the great noise of the sails, and the singing of the wind, and the flying of the spray in the moonlight, and the sense of danger, I think my head must have been partly turned, for I could scarcely understand the things I saw.

Presently I observed the seamen busy round the skiff, and, still in the same blank, ran over to assist them; and as soon as I set my hand to work, my mind became clear again. It was no very easy task, for the skiff lay amidships and was full of hamper, and the breaking of the heavier seas continually forced us to give over and hold on; but we all wrought like horses while we could. Meanwhile, such of the wounded as could move came clambering out of the fore-scuttle and began to help; while the rest that lay helpless in their bunks harrowed me with screaming and begging to be saved. The captain took no part. It seemed he was struck stupid. He stood holding by the shrouds, talking to himself and groaning out aloud, whenever the ship hammered on the rock. His brig was like wife and child to him, and he seemed to suffer along with her.

We had one of the wounded men told off to keep a watch upon the seas and cry us warning. Well, we had the boat about ready to be launched, when this man sang out pretty shrill, "For God's sake, hold on!" We knew by his tone that it was something more than ordinary; and, sure enough, there followed a sea so huge that it lifted the brig right up and canted her over on her beam. Whether the cry came too late, or my hold was too weak, I know not; but, at the sudden tilting of the ship, I was cast clean over the bulwarks into the sea.

I went down, and drank my fill, and then came up, and got a blink of the moon, and then down again. They say a man sinks a third time for good. I cannot be made like other folk, then; for I would not like to write how often

I went down, or how often I came up again. All the while I was being hurled along, and beaten upon and choked, and then swallowed whole; and the thing was so distracting to my wits that I was neither sorry nor afraid.

Presently, I found I was holding to a spar, which helped me somewhat. And then, all of a sudden, I was in quiet water, and began to come to myself. It was the spare yard I had got hold of, and I was amazed to see how far I had travelled from the brig. I hailed her, indeed; but it was plain she was already out of cry. She was still holding together; but whether or not they had yet launched the boat, I was too far off to see.

While I was hailing the brig, I spied a tract of water lying between us where no great waves came, but which yet boiled white all over and bristled in the moon with rings and bubbles. Sometimes the whole tract swung to one side, like the tail of a live serpent; sometimes, for a glimpse, it would all disappear and then boil up again. What it was I had no guess, which for the time increased my fear of it; but I now know it must have been the roost, or tide race, which had carried me away so fast and tumbled me about so cruelly, and at last, as if tired of that play, had flung out me and the spare yard upon its landward margin.

I now lay quite becalmed and began to feel that a man can die of cold as well as of drowning. The shores of Earraid were close in; I could see in the moonlight the dots of heather and the sparkling of the mica in the rocks. "Well," thought I to myself, "if I cannot get as far as that, it's strange!"

I had no skill of swimming, but when I laid hold upon the yard with both arms, and kicked out with both feet, I soon began to find that I was moving. Hard work it was and mortally slow, but, in about an hour of kicking and splashing, I had got well in between the points of a sandy bay surrounded by low hills.

The sea was here quite quiet; there was no sound of any surf; the moon shone clear, and I thought in my heart I had never seen a place so desert and desolate. But it was dry land; and when at last it grew so shallow that I could leave the yard and wade ashore upon my feet, I cannot tell if I was more tired or more grateful. Both at least I was: tired as I never was before that night; and grateful to God as I trust I have often been, though never with more cause.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "Kidnapped."

THE OVERLAND MAIL

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam!
The woods are astir at the close of the day;
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let robber retreat, let tiger turn tail;
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells, as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads uphill;
The bag's on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post Office bill —

"Dispatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb
by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry "Halt"? What are tempests
to him?
The Service admits not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without
fail,
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir;
From level to upland, from upland to crest;
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
Fly the soft sandalled feet, strains the brawny
brown chest.
From rail to ravine — to the peak from the vale —
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road,
A jingle of bells on the footpath below;
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode —
The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow:
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail —
"In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!"

— Rudyard Kipling.

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THE RAPID

All peacefully gliding, the waters dividing,
The indolent bateau moved slowly along;
The rowers, light-hearted, from sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
Soon we shall enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

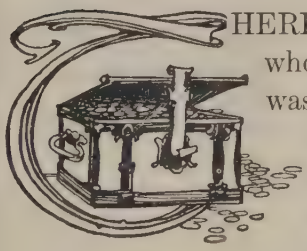
More swiftly careering, the wild Rapid nearing,
They dashed down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them, no terrors affright them,
Their voices keep pace with their quickening speed;

"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Shivers its arrows against us in play;
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they're dashing, each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock — see it frowning! they strike — they are drowning!
But downward they speed with the merciless tide:
No voice cheers the Rapid, that angrily, angrily
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gayly they entered it — heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

—Charles Sangster.

THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MAMMON



THERE was once a knight of Fairyland whose name was Sir Guyon, and he was renowned far above all his brother knights for the great fortitude and steadfastness with which he defied and held out against all temptations that befell him.

This knight once found himself in a glade so thickly overhung with the branches of great forest trees, that only a few rays of the sun could make their way into it even at noonday. There, seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, he saw an uncouth, savage-looking fellow, who might well

at first have been mistaken for a blacksmith, for his eyes were bleared and his face was tanned with smoke, while his hair and beard were tangled and matted with soot.

It was plain, however, from the strange coat that he was wearing that this person must be something very different from a common blacksmith. Outside, this coat was covered with plates of iron, overlapping like the scales of a fish. Inside, it was lined with gold; and, though this

lining was all dusty and dim, it could be seen that the gold was skilfully wrought into curious patterns.

Nor was this coat the only thing that surprised Sir Guyon, or the thing that surprised him most. Heaped up in his lap the stranger had a pile of coins, which he kept perpetually counting and counting, and turning over and over, as if he never could grow weary of feasting his eyes upon

them. Moreover, on the ground all around him gold was lying in heaps.

As soon as the man saw Sir Guyon, he started up from his seat pale with terror, lest it should be some robber who had come upon him by surprise, and he made all the haste he could to put his money away in safety. He was rapidly throwing it back into its hiding-place — a pit dug in the earth — when Sir Guyon drew near; and, though the knight was somewhat dismayed and astonished, the other seemed by far the more dismayed of the two — so terrified, indeed, was he at the knight's approach, that he made no further attempt to conceal his treasure.

"Man," cried Sir Guyon, who in his heart doubted whether this really could be a human being, "tell me who you are, and why you keep all this wealth hoarded away here in the depths of the forest, where no use can be made of it, and where there is no eye but yours to see it!"

"You are a bold knight indeed," cried the stranger, plucking up courage at Sir Guyon's mild and courteous speech — "you are a bold knight indeed thus to intrude upon me. None but a rash man would venture to disturb my private retreat; for you should know that I am Mammon, the god of this world and of worldly men. If you are willing to serve me, and to do my bidding truly and faithfully, all these heaps of gold shall be yours; and if they are not enough, I will make you a free gift of as many more again."

"Mammon," cried Sir Guyon, "there is nothing in heaps of gold to tempt me at all. Keep them for some one else — some one who covets goods that feed only the

eye. For my part, I have made a vow to spend my days in deeds of chivalry, seeking honor, and honor only. It would indeed be unseemly for me to yield to those feigned charms of wealth with which weak minds are ensnared. A steed, a shield, a sword — there is all the wealth a knight-errant need desire."

"Ah, silly fellow," cried Mammon, "is it possible your wits can be so dull? Do you not see that money can procure you all you desire, knight-errant though you be? Money can buy you steeds, money can buy you shields, money can buy you arms. Nor is that all. You high-spirited heroes fight for crowns and kingdoms. Money can buy even these. Do you not know that I, Mammon, make kings and unmake them? Have you never heard how I load my favorites with renown and honor?"

"I know well with what confusion and bloodshed kings are made and unmade by you," answered Sir Guyon. "I have watched, also, what money does, and how wealth is won and how it is spent by your favorites. Strife and trouble, bloodshed and hatred, outrageous violence and heartless greed,—these are the fruits of wealth; and since they are its fruits, how can a noble heart not despise wealth?"

"Good youth," said the god of wealth sneeringly, "everybody works that he may earn money, and risks his life if by risking it he can get gold. You must do the same. So, if you choose to profit by my kindness, take as much as you like out of my abundance.

"I have gold," he continued, "that did not come into my hands through any of this fraud or violence that you talk about. Before that gold became mine, no human

eye ever looked upon it, no hand of mortal man ever so much as touched it. Safely and secretly have I kept it stored away in my treasure house, hidden even from the sight of heaven. You wonder where such a treasure house can be found. You cannot imagine from what sources I procure my gold. Follow me, and I will show you."

Then Mammon, with Sir Guyon following in his footsteps, made his way through the thick wood, till they came to a hole in the earth cunningly screened by rocks and bushes. It was the mouth of a secret passage, and following this they reached an open valley, with another path running through it. They went along this path till it brought them to a little door set in the face of a rock, and guarded by a haggard, anxious sentinel — his name was Care — who sat in front of it and kept perpetual watch day and night, never daring to close his eyes.

At the approach of Mammon the door flew open of its own accord, and of its own accord closed again, when he and the knight had passed through. Then, from behind it there stepped out a horrible spirit, one of King Mammon's subjects, and came creeping on close behind the knight, ready to pounce upon him and destroy him utterly, if he was betrayed into any covetous act, or even if a covetous thought entered his mind.

Within, the treasure house of Mammon was like a vast cavern hewn in a cliff. Gold hung from the vaulted roof. Gold was piled against the walls. Every hole and corner was full of gold, and the roof and floor and walls themselves were made of gold.

Sir Guyon, as he looked round, saw all this gold; and

he saw, too, how the ground was strewn with the skulls and bones of dead men, who had perished miserably in that ghastly place. But he said nothing and followed Mammon, who brought him to a second door, which also opened of its own accord. In the chamber within, Sir Guyon could see a store of wealth greater than the eye of man had ever before beheld.

"Look!" said Mammon, turning to the knight; "look! Do you know what that chamber holds? Here is nothing less than earthly bliss; here is the wealth to win which is the aim and object of human life. Happiness is offered you. Will you take it?"

"Most surely not," Sir Guyon answered. "The happiness for which I long shall be won by my sword, and not bought with gold."

Then the evil spirit that followed in the track of the knight and lay in wait to destroy him, if he gave way to Mammon, gnashed his teeth with rage and disappointment. Nor was Mammon less angry to see how utterly the temptations he was throwing in the knight's way failed to allure him.

So he led him off to another vast cavern, where a hundred furnaces were blazing, and at each furnace throngs of busy imps were toiling their hardest. Their task was to extract gold from the rocks in which it lay hidden.

"Never before has man stood where you stand," said Mammon. "You asked me whence came the gold I offered you. I have brought you to the place. Here is the cradle of wealth, here is the fountain-head from which flow all earthly pleasures. Now take thought carefully, and ask

yourself whether you will not change your mind and become a rich man. Some day, when it is too late, you may wish that you had done so."

"I shall not," answered Sir Guyon. "I neither covet now, nor am I ever likely to covet, goods which I could not use. All I need I have. Keep these offers for the worldlings who have taken you as their king, and leave me free to follow the path I have chosen."

Not even yet despairing of bringing about the knight's downfall, Mammon led the way down a winding passage that brought them to a huge gate all wrought of beaten gold. It was open, but the way was blocked by a sturdy ruffian armed with an iron club. This porter — Disdain was his name — was a giant in stature; and though he was alive, and could see and hear, and possessed all the other senses men possess, he was made of gold, and there was no weapon so keen of edge that it could wound him.

Catching sight of Sir Guyon, Disdain threw up his club and whirled it in the air, eager for battle. The knight drew his sword, and no less eagerly made ready to defend himself. But Mammon flung himself between the two, entreating the one and ordering the other to keep from blows; and thus at last he assuaged their fierceness and brought Sir Guyon peaceably through the golden gate into a vast hall.

This hall, of which the roof was supported by great golden pillars, was thronged with men of every race and country — a huge crowd, all struggling and pressing forward towards the daïs at the upper end, upon which a high and stately throne

was set. A woman sat upon the throne. She was clad in robes more gorgeous than the array of any earthly princess. Her face was very beautiful and shone with a magical brightness that lit up all the hall.

Then Sir Guyon asked who the fair lady was that sat upon the throne, and Mammon answered that it was his daughter Ambition, whom the gods had cast out of heaven, so jealous were they of her beauty; and he declared that Sir Guyon might have her as his wife if he would. The knight replied that not only was he unworthy of so high an honor as to marry this noble princess, but that he had already plighted troth with another maiden, whom it would be a most unknightly deed to desert.

Furious at being thus baffled, but still masking his fury behind a pretence of kindness, Mammon was determined to offer to the now weary knight the bait which he had reserved for the last. He led him into a garden in which was a cool arbor built beneath the shelter of a goodly tree, so thickly clad with fresh green leaves that the trunk was altogether hidden from view. The branches of the tree spread far and wide, and all of them were heavily laden with golden apples.

Mammon invited him to pluck one of the golden apples, and to sit and rest in the pleasant arbor. He asked in vain; Sir Guyon was still on his guard. He well knew that snares were set for him on every side, and he would take no gift and taste no pleasure that Mammon could offer. Then, seeing that none of the baits to which other men fell easy victims could in the least allure this steadfast knight, but that his only desire was to be taken back to the

world above, Mammon yielded and released Sir Guyon from the treasure house.

When he at last found himself back in the upper world, having escaped safely from all these many and strange perils, Sir Guyon was so weary that he swooned; and while he lay insensible, evil men found him, and would have robbed him, had not another good knight come to the rescue. Many other temptations and adventures afterwards befell Sir Guyon, in all of which he proved himself a noble knight, steadfast and strong both in courage and in virtue; and thereby he won much honor, so that his fame flourished far and wide while he was alive, and no less greatly after his death.

— *Retold from "The Faerie Queene" of* Edmund Spenser.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
The sea turn'd one clear smile. Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die! — 'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:
All to the boats! cried one; — he was, thank God,
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true: — we would not stir:
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our colors, Sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought,
With shameful strength, unhonor'd life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

So we made women with their children go;
The oars ply back again, and yet again,
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What followed, why recall?—the brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf:
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf:—

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

—Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

THE BLUEJAY

Said Jim Baker: "There's more to a bluejay than to any other creature. He has more kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a bluejay feels, he can put into words. No common words either, but out-and-out book-talk. You never see a jay at a loss for a word.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, because he has feathers on him. Otherwise, he is just as human as you are.

"Yes, sir; a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can laugh, a jay can gossip, a jay can feel ashamed, just as well as you do, maybe better. And there's another thing: in good, clean, out-and-out scolding, a bluejay can beat anything alive.

"Seven years ago the last man about here but me moved away. There stands his house—a log house with just one big room and no more: no ceiling, nothing between the rafters and the floor.

"Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, when a bluejay flew down on that house with an acorn in his mouth.

" 'Hello,' says he, 'I reckon here's something.' When he spoke, the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down on the roof. He didn't care; his mind was on the thing he had found.

"It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and put the other to the hole, like a 'possum looking down a jug.'

"Then he looked up, gave a wink or two with his wings, and says: 'It looks like a hole, it's placed like a hole—and—if I don't think it is a hole!'

"Then he cocked his head down and took another look. He looked up with joy, this time winked his wings and his tail both, and says: 'If I ain't in luck! Why it's an elegant hole!'

"So he flew down and got that acorn and dropped it in, and was tilting his head back with a smile when a queer look of surprise came over his face. Then he says: 'Why, I didn't hear it fall.'

"He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; rose up and shook his head; went to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. No use.

"So after thinking awhile, he says: 'I reckon it's all right. I'll try it, anyway.'

"So he flew off and brought another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to get his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it. He was too late. He got another acorn and tried to see where it went, but he couldn't.

"He says: 'Well, I never saw such a hole as this before. I reckon it's a new kind.' Then he got angry and walked up and down the roof. I never saw a bird take on so.

"When he got through, he looked in the hole for half a minute; then he says: 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a queer hole, but I have started to fill you, and I'll do it if it takes a hundred years.'

"And with that away he went. For two hours and a half you never saw a bird work so hard. He did not stop to look in any more, but just threw acorns in and went for more.

"Well, at last he could hardly flap his wings he was so tired out. So he bent down for a look. He looked up, pale with rage. He says: 'I've put in enough acorns to keep the family thirty years, and I can't see a sign of them.'

"Another jay was going by and heard him. So he stopped to ask what was the matter. Our jay told him the whole story. Then he went and looked down the hole and came back and said: 'How many tons did you put in there?' 'Not less than two,' said our jay.

"The other jay looked again, but could not make it out; so he gave a yell, and three more jays came. They all talked at once for awhile, and then called in more jays.

"Pretty soon the air was blue with jays, and every jay put his eye to the hole and told what he thought. They looked the house all over, too. The door was partly open, and at last one old jay happened to look in. There lay the acorns all over the floor.

"He flapped his wings and gave a yell: 'Come here, everybody! Ha! Ha! He's been trying to fill a house with acorns!'

"As each jay took a look, the fun of the thing struck him, and how he did laugh. And for an hour after they roosted on the housetop and trees, and laughed like human beings. It isn't any use to tell me a bluejay hasn't any fun in him, I know better." —Mark Twain.

A FOREST FIRE

The day was sultry, and towards noon a strong wind sprang up that roared in the pine tops like the dashing of distant billows, but without in the least degree abating the heat. The children were lying listlessly upon the floor, and the girl and I were finishing sun-bonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed: "Bless us, mistress, what a smoke!"

I ran immediately to the door, but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the heavy wind was blowing a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

"What can this mean?" I cried. "Who can have set fire to the fallow?" As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. "John, what is the meaning of this fire?"

"Oh, ma'am, I hope you will forgive me; it was I set fire to it, and I would give all I have in the world if I had not done it."

"What is the danger?"

"Oh, I'm afraid that we shall all be burned up," said John, beginning to whimper. "What shall we do?"

"Why, we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate."

"We can't get out," said the man, in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration of fear; "I would have got out of it if I could; but just step to the back door, ma'am, and see."

Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us and cutting off all possibility of retreat; for, could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy of smoke, and, buried as we were in the heart of the forest, no one could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help.

I closed the door and went back to the parlor. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness destroyed all hope of our being able to effect our escape. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping; while the man who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

A strange calm succeeded my first alarm. I sat down upon the step of the door and watched the awful scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar swamp immediate-

ly below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling.

From out the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke—the blackest I ever saw—leaped up continually red forks of lurid flame as high as the tree-tops, igniting the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left for saw-logs. A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles, which floated even to the doorstep; while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance.

To reach the shore of the lake we must pass through the burning swamp; and not a bird could have flown over it with unscorched wings. The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house up the clearing; and our passage to the road or to the forest, on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flames. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the fire.

I turned to young Thomas and asked him how long he thought that would be. "When the fire clears this little ridge in front, ma'am. The Lord have mercy on us then, or we must all go."

The heat soon became suffocating. We were parched with thirst, and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burned through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of the flames, which were gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath in my face.

"Ah," thought I—and it was a most bitter thought—"what will my beloved husband say when he returns and finds that his poor wife and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet."

The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on all sides into a tempest of burning billows. I bowed my head in my apron, for I thought that all was lost. Then a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a water-spout, down came the rushing torrent of rain which had been pent up for so many weeks.

In a few minutes the chip-yard was all afloat, and the fire effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy whose approach we had viewed with such dread.

—Susannah Moodie.

From "Roughing it in the Bush."

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good; and gain
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbors, a country laborer and a good honest fellow, Sancho Panza by name, poor in purse, and poor in his brains; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor clown consented to go along with him and become his squire. Among other inducements Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises and many others, Sancho Panza forsook his wife and children to be his neighbor's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and, having patched up his headpiece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might furnish himself with what he thought necessary. Above all, he charged him to provide himself with a knapsack; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which, being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much afoot.

The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause

awhile; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it; however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honorably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet.

He also furnished himself with shirts and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry. Which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-by, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued.

As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. As they jogged on: "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth he, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."

"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the custom of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they have conquered. Now I am resolved not only to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it. If thou and I do but live, it may happen that before we have passed six days together I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown;

and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."

"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Panza, "and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then my wife would be at least a queen, and my children princesses."

"Who doubts of that?"

As they were thus talking, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them: "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter: and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and the destruction of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms so immense in size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong opinion to the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that: "Stand, cowards," cried he, as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all!"

At the same time, the wind rising, the mill sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied: "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so, covering himself with his shield and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field.

Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help

his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rozinante received.

"Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? Did I not tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that the enchanter, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his hatred of me; but in the end, all his wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho.

And so heaving himself up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

—Miguel de Cervantes.

NATURE'S SONG

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no metre that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

—Madison Cawein.

THE DOG CRUSOE

A week after the shooting-match Crusoe's education began. Having fed him for that period with his own hand, in order to gain his affection, Dick took him out one sunny forenoon to the margin of the lake to give him his first lesson.

And here again we must pause to remark that, although a dog's heart is generally gained in the first instance through his mouth, yet, after it is thoroughly gained, his affection is noble and disinterested. He can scarcely be driven from his master's side by blows; and even when thus harshly repelled, he is always ready, on the shortest notice and with the slightest encouragement, to make it up again.

Well, Dick Varley began by calling out, "Crusoe! Crusoe! come here, pup."

Of course Crusoe knew his name by this time, for it had been so often used as a prelude to his meals that he naturally expected a feed whenever he heard it.

"Now, Crusoe, come here."

Crusoe bounded clumsily to his master's side, cocked his ears, and wagged his tail. So far his education was perfect. We say he bounded clumsily; for it must be remembered that he was still a very young pup, with soft, flabby muscles.

"Now, I'm going to begin your education, pup; think of that."

Whether Crusoe thought of that or not we cannot say, but he looked up in his master's face as he spoke, cocked his ears very high, and turned his head slowly to one side, until it could not turn any further in that direction; then

he turned it as much to the other side; whereat his master burst into a fit of laughter, and Crusoe immediately began barking furiously.

"Come, come," said Dick, suddenly checking his mirth, "we mustn't play, pup; we must work."

Drawing a leathern mitten from his belt, the youth held it to Crusoe's nose, and then threw it a yard away, at the same time exclaiming, in a loud, distinct tone, "Fetch it."

Crusoe entered at once into the spirit of this part of his training: he dashed gleefully at the mitten and proceeded to worry it with intense pleasure. As for "Fetch it," he neither understood the words nor cared a straw about them.

Dick Varley rose immediately, and, rescuing the mitten, resumed his seat on a rock.

"Come here, Crusoe," he repeated.

"Oh! certainly, by all means," said Crusoe. No, he didn't exactly say it, but really he looked these words so evidently that we think it right to let them stand as they are written. If he could have finished the sentence, he would certainly have said, "Go on with that game over again, old boy; it's quite to my taste—the jolliest thing in life, I assure you!" At least, if we may not positively assert that he would have said that, no one else can absolutely affirm that he wouldn't.

Well, Dick Varley did do it over again, and Crusoe worried the mitten over again, utterly regardless of "Fetch it."

Then they did it again, and again, and again, but without any signs of increased intelligence on the part of the dog; and then they went home.

During all this trying operation Dick Varley never once showed the slightest feeling of annoyance or impatience. He did not expect success at first; he was not, therefore, disappointed at failure.

Next day he had him out again—and the next—and the next—and the next again, with the like unfavorable result. In short, it seemed at last as if Crusoe's mind had been deeply imbued with the idea that he had been born expressly for the purpose of worrying that mitten, and he meant to fulfil his destiny to the letter.

Young Varley had taken several small pieces of meat in his pocket each day, with the intention of rewarding Crusoe when he should at length fetch the mitten; but, as Crusoe was not aware of the treat that awaited him, of course the mitten never was "fetched."

At last Dick Varley saw that this system would never do, so he changed his tactics, and next morning he gave Crusoe no breakfast, but took him out at the usual hour to go through his lesson. This new course of conduct seemed to perplex Crusoe not a little, for he paused frequently and looked back at the cottage, and then expressively up at his master's face. But the master was firm; he went on, and Crusoe followed, for true love had now taken possession of the pup's young heart, and he preferred his master's company to food.

Varley now began by letting the learner smell a piece of meat, which he eagerly sought to devour, but was prevented, to his immense disgust. Then the mitten was thrown as heretofore, and Crusoe made a few steps towards it, but being in no mood for play he turned back.

"Fetch it," said the teacher.

"I won't," replied the learner mutely, by means of that expressive sign—not doing it.

Hereupon Dick Varley rose, took up the mitten, and put it into the pup's mouth. Then retiring a couple of yards, he held out the piece of meat and said, "Fetch it."

Crusoe instantly spat out the glove and bounded towards the meat—once more to be disappointed.

This was done a second time, and Crusoe came forward *with the mitten in his mouth.* It seemed as if it had been done accidentally, for he dropped it before coming quite up. If so, it was a fortunate accident. Dick immediately lavished upon him the tenderest caresses, and gave him a lump of meat. But he quickly tried it again, lest he should lose the lesson. The dog evidently felt that if he did not fetch that mitten he should have no meat or caresses. In order, however, to make sure that there was no mistake, Dick laid the mitten down beside the pup instead of putting it into his mouth, and, retiring a few paces, cried, "Fetch it."

Crusoe looked uncertain for a moment; then he picked up the mitten and laid it at his master's feet. The lesson was learned at last! Dick Varley tumbled all the meat out of his pocket on the ground, and, while Crusoe made a hearty breakfast, he sat down on a rock and whistled with glee at having fairly picked the lock, and opened another door into one of the many chambers of his dog's intellect.

—R. M. Ballantyne.

From "The Dog Crusoe."

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

This is the story of a woman, some cannon, a mountain, and two nations, and of how the Prince of Peace made them all His own. There is no other tale quite like it in the world; for the nations of the earth have not yet learned the excellences of peace, although the best hearts of all peoples are seeking them. Meanwhile, the Christ of the Andes stands as a lasting sign of the way in which nations will treat one another when they pursue the ways of war no more.

High up amidst the snows of the Andes, amongst some of the most majestic mountains of the world, there stands a great bronze figure of Christ. Its base is fashioned of enduring granite—fit pedestal for Him whose kingdom stands and rules forever. The metal forming the statue was once the stuff of which cannon were made. It was melted down and re-formed into the figure of the Christ, who causes the roar of battle-guns to cease. Engraved on the pedestal are these noble words in Spanish: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace, which they have sworn to maintain at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." No other statue anywhere declares so loudly that the Prince of Peace is the true King of the Nations.

It was to a woman that the thought came of placing it there on the summit of the hills, amid the sunlight and the snow. For many years the Argentine and Chile had been quarrelling about their boundaries; and, in consequence, if they were not waging war, they were threatening it.

The Christ of the Andes

As a result, the countries were suffering. They could not agree even to make common railways, between their two seas, which would carry food and merchandise to supply the needs of the people. Gradually the folly of it all hit home into their minds; and in 1903 they agreed to settle their disputes by arbitration and not by the dread test of war.

And then to Signora Angela de Costa, an Argentine woman whose tireless efforts on behalf of the poor had endeared her to all, came the inspiration to erect on the boundary itself, which had been the ancient source of quarrel, a monument to be a sign for all time of the good thing which had come to pass. Accordingly, she obtained in Buenos Aires a statue of Christ, fashioned from old Argentine cannon, originally intended to grace the Inca bridge; and with the help of the Bishops and the Society of Christian Mothers, a welfare organization over which she presided, she secured permission to erect it where it now stands. After having been taken by rail as far as Mendoza, it was carried on gun-carriages—soldiers and sailors assisting the mules to draw it—up the mountain slopes till they reached the summit of Le Cumbre, where, 12,000 feet above the sea, the two countries meet amidst perpetual snow. In the presence of a great assemblage of people—the Argentines standing on Chilean soil and the Chileans on the soil of Argentina—it was raised into position and dedicated to the whole world as a sign of the victory of goodwill.

The wonder and deep meaning of that scene! For long years the mountains had echoed to the noise of war—

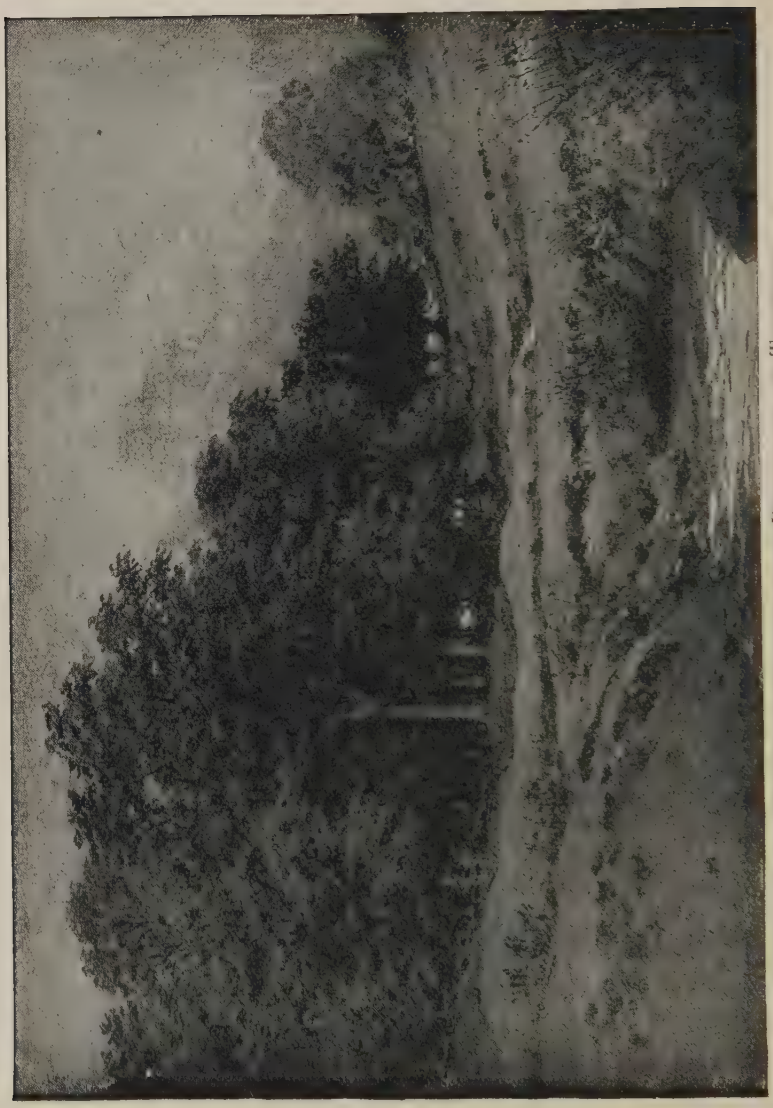
those sounds that mean sad hearts to women and children waiting anxiously in the glens below. And now, the very carriages which had borne guns, drawn by the very men who had fired them, slowly took into the place of honor amongst the hills the figure of Him whose desire it was that henceforward there should be no weeping in the valleys for the dead in battle, and that war should slay its victims no more. When, to-day, the men of these nations lift up their eyes unto the hills, they see, high above them, the image of the Conqueror of discord; and they know that, for their two peoples, the dream born in a herdsman's shed has come true. And the monument is more than a sign; it is a prophecy. Between the pedestal and the statue is a globe of granite, representing the earth, on which, as if in mastery and possession, stands the figure of Christ; so giving promise of the time when He shall make the whole earth glorious with the blessings and the plenteousness of peace.

—J. R. P. Sclater.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.



The Brook at Somersby, the Birthplace of Tennyson

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

— Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard,
Consider her ways, and be wise:
Which having no chief, overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

BRUIN AND THE COOK

It was a bright March morning at Nicholson's lumber camp over on Salmon River. There had been a heavy thaw for some days, and the snowbanks under the eaves of the camp were shrinking rapidly. The bright chips about the door, the trampled straw and fodder around the stable, were steaming and soaking under the steady sun. Such winds as were stirring abroad that day were quite shut off from the camp by the dark surrounding woods.

From the protruding stovepipe (which was used as a chimney), a faint blue wreath of smoke curled lazily. The cook had the camp all to himself for a while; for the teams and choppers were at work a mile away, and the "cookee," as the cook's assistant is called, had betaken himself to a neighboring pond to fish for trout through the ice.

The dishes were washed, the camp was in order, and in a little while it would be time to get the dinner ready. The pork and beans were slowly boiling, the odor was abroad on the quiet air. The cook decided to snatch a wink of sleep in his bunk beneath the eaves. He had a spare half-hour before him, and, under his present circumstances, he knew no better way of spending it.

The weather being mild, he left the camp door wide open, and, swinging up to his berth, soon had himself comfortably bedded in blankets, his own and as many other fellows' blankets as he liked. He began to doze and dream of summer fields. By and by, waking with a start, he remembered where he was and thrust his head in astonish-

ment over the edge of the bunk. The sight that met his eyes filled him with alarm and indignation.

The prolonged thaw had brought out the bears from their snug winter quarters; and now, in a very bad humor from having been waked up too soon, they were prowling through the forest in unusual numbers. Food was scarce; in fact, times were very hard with them, and they were not only bad-humored, but lean and hungry withal.

To one particularly hungry bear the smell of our cook's simmering pork had come that morning like the invitation to a feast. Bruin had found the door open, the coast clear, the quarters very inviting. With the utmost good faith he had entered upon his fortune. To find the source of that entrancing fragrance had been to his trained nose a simple matter.

While cook slept sweetly, Bruin had rooted off the cover of the pot. But the pot was hot, and the first mouthful of the savory mess made him yell with rage and pain. Then an angry sweep of the great paw had dashed pot and kettle off the stove in a thunder of crashing iron and clattering tins.

What met the cook's gaze, as he sat up in his blankets, was an angry bear, dancing about in a confusion of steam and smoke and beans and kettles, making ineffectual snatches at a lump of scalding pork upon the floor.

After a moment of suspense, cook rose softly and crept to the other end of the bunks, where a gun was kept. To his disgust the weapon was unloaded. But the click of the lock had caught the bear's attention. Glancing up at the bunk above him, the brute's eye detected the shrink-

ing cook, and straightway he overflowed with wrath. Here, evidently, was the author of his discomfort.

With smarting jaws and vengeful paws he made a dash for the bunk. Its edge was nearly seven feet from the floor, so Bruin had to do some clambering. As his head appeared over the edge, and his great paws took firm hold upon the clapboard rim of the bunk, cook, now grown desperate, struck at him wildly with the heavy butt of the gun. But Bruin is always a skilful boxer. With an upward stroke, he warded off the blow and sent the weapon spinning across the camp. At the same time, however, his weight proved too much for the frail clapboard to which he was holding, and back he fell on the floor with a shock like an earthquake.

This repulse filled him only with tenfold greater fury, and at once he sprang back to the assault; but the delay, however brief, had given poor cook time to grasp an idea, which he proceeded to act upon with eagerness. He saw that the hole in the roof, through which the stovepipe protruded, was large enough to give his body passage. Snatching at a light rafter above his head, he swung himself out of the bunk and kicked the stovepipe from its place. The sections fell with loud clatter upon the stove and the bear, for a moment disconcerting Bruin's plans. From the rafter it was an easy reach to the opening in the roof, and as Bruin gained the empty bunk and stretched his paw eagerly up towards his intended victim on the rafter, the intended victim slipped with the greatest promptitude through the hole.

At this point the cook drew a long breath. His first

thought was to drop from the roof and run for help, but fortunately he changed his mind. The bear was no fool. No sooner had the cook got safely out upon the roof than Bruin rushed forth from the camp door, expecting to catch him as he came down.

Had cook acted on his first impulse, he would have been overtaken before he had gone a hundred yards and would have perished hideously in the snow. As it was, however, — evidently to Bruin's deep chagrin, — he stuck close to the chimney-hole, like a gopher sitting by his hole, ready at a moment's notice to plunge within, while the bear stalked deliberately twice around the camp, eying him, and evidently laying plans, as it were, for his capture.

At last the bear appeared to have made up his mind. At one corner of the shanty, piled up nearly to the eaves, was a store of firewood which "cookee" had gathered in. Upon this pile Bruin mounted and then made a dash up the creaking roof.

Cook prayed most fervently that it might give way beneath the great weight of the bear, and to see if it would do so he waited almost too long; but it did not. As he scurried, belated, through the hole, the bear's paw reached its edge, and the huge claws tore nearly all the flesh from the back of the poor fellow's hand. Bleeding and trembling, he crouched upon the friendly rafter, not daring to swing down into the bunk.

The agility of that great animal was marvellous. Scarcely had cook got under shelter when Bruin rushed in again at the door, and was up on the bunk again in a twinkling, and again cook vanished by the chimney-place.

A moment later the bear was again on the roof, while cook once more crouched back faintly on the rafter. This performance was repeated several times, till for cook it had quite ceased to be interesting.

At last the chase grew monotonous even to the indefatigable Bruin, who then resolved upon a change of tactics. After driving cook out through the chimney, he decided to try the same mode of exit for himself, or at least to thrust his head through the opening, and see what it was like. Embracing the woodwork with his powerful fore-paws, he swung himself up on the rafter as he had seen cook do so gracefully. The attempt was quite successful; but the rafter was not prepared for the strain, and Bruin and beam came thundering to the floor.

As cook gazed down through the hole and marked what had happened, his heart sank utterly within him. His one safe retreat was gone. But Bruin did not perceive his advantage, or else was in no hurry to follow it up. The shock had greatly dampened his zeal. He sat on his haunches by the stove and gazed up sullenly at cook, while cook gazed back despairingly at him.

The bear noticed that the precious pork had got deliciously cool, and, in the charms of that rare morsel, cook was soon quite forgotten. All cook had to do was to lie on the roof, nursing his lacerated hand, and watching Bruin as he made away with the lumbermen's dinner, — a labor of love in which he lost no time.

At this juncture a noise was heard in the woods, and hope came back to the cook's heart. The men were returning for dinner. Bruin heard it too and made haste

to gulp down the remnant of the beans. Just as teams and choppers emerged into the little cleared space in front of the camp, Bruin, having swallowed his last mouthful, rushed out of the camp door, to the breathless and immeasurable amazement of the lumbermen.

Finding himself to all appearances surrounded, Bruin paused a moment. Then, charging upon the nearest team, he dealt the teamster a terrific cut, bowling him over in the snow and breaking his arm, while the maddened horses plunged, reared, and fell over backward in a tangle of sleds and traces and lashing heels.

This brought the woodsmen to their senses. Axe in hand, they closed in upon the bear, who rose on his hindquarters to meet them. The first few blows that were delivered at him, with all the force of practised arms and vindictive energy, he warded off as if they were so many feathers; but he could not guard himself on all sides at once. A well-directed blow from the rear sank the axe-head deep between his fore-shoulders, severing the spinal column, and Bruin collapsed, a furry heap, upon the crimsoned snow.

In their indignation over the cook's torn hand, their comrade's broken arm, and perhaps most aggravating of all, their thoroughly demolished dinner, the lumbermen undertook to make a meal of Bruin; but in this attempt Bruin found a measure of revenge, for in death he proved to be even tougher than he had been in life, and the famous luxury of a fat bear-steak was nowhere to be had from his carcass.

— Charles G. D. Roberts.

LAURA SECORD

On the sacred scroll of glory,
Let us blazen forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid pen of fame;
So that all the world may read it,
So that every heart may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the honor of her name.

In the far-off days of battle,
When the musket's rapid rattle
Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord sped along
Deep into the woodland mazy,
Over pathways wild and hazy,
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,
And at once, with dauntless daring,
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast-advancing foe;
And she flitted like a shadow
Far away o'er fen and meadow,
Where the wolf was in the wildwood and the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses
Of the tangle wildernesses
Sounds mysterious pursued her 'long the winding forest way;

And she heard the gutt'ral growling
Of the bears, that, near her prowling,
Crushed their way through coverts gloomy, with their cubs in noisy play.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled
Over pathways rough and ravelled,
Braving danger for her country like the fabled ones of yore,
Till she reached her destination,
And forewarned the threatened station
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning
Came unto the men, that, scorning
To retire before the foemen, rallied ready for the fray;
And they gave such gallant greeting,
That the foe was soon retreating
Back in wild dismay and terror on that glorious battle-day.

Few returned to tell the story
Of the conflict sharp and gory
That was won with brilliant glory by that brave Canadian band,
For the host of prisoners captured
Far outnumbered the enraptured
Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded
In historic treasures hoarded,

Than the march of Laura Secord through the forest long ago;
And no nobler deed of daring
Than the cool and crafty snaring
By the band at Beaver Dam of all that well-appointed foe.

But we know if war should ever
Rage again o'er field or river,
And the hordes of the invader should appear within our land,
Far and wide the trumpets pealing
Would awake the same old feeling,
And again would deeds of daring sparkle out on every hand.

— Charles Edwin Jakeway.

THE TREASURE VALLEY

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westwards over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood

the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied that they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit, they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the locusts, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to hold their own grain until it was very dear,

and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers; or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, — when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, — occasionally getting what was left upon them by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by a flood; the vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the grain was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy grain at the farm and went away pouring curses on the "Black Brothers." They

asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a dry piece of bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up, — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly surprising, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red;

South West Wind, Esq.

his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes; his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height and wore a conical, pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet high. His coat was prolonged behind, but was almost hidden by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so frightened by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic tune on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing, he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir!" said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, crossly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I want only to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel that it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring and throwing long bright tongues by the chimney, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

The old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down

again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but — really, sir — you're — putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, drily.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest, it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string thoughtfully for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman, again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ah! what for indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering a blow on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible swiftness.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs!" They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen!"

"Off and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell in the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when

away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction, continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened out of the corner — but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window at the same instant a wreath of ragged cloud that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir! If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you

such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you!"

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission! The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double-bar the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door broke open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their pillows and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by the misty moonbeam which found its way through a hole in the shutter they could see in the midst of it an immense foam globe, spinning round and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

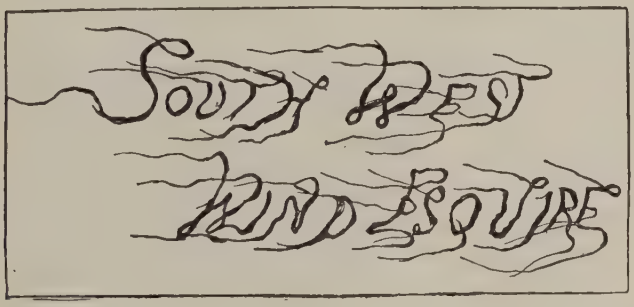
"Sorry to inconvenience you," said their visitor, with a laugh. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit!"

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

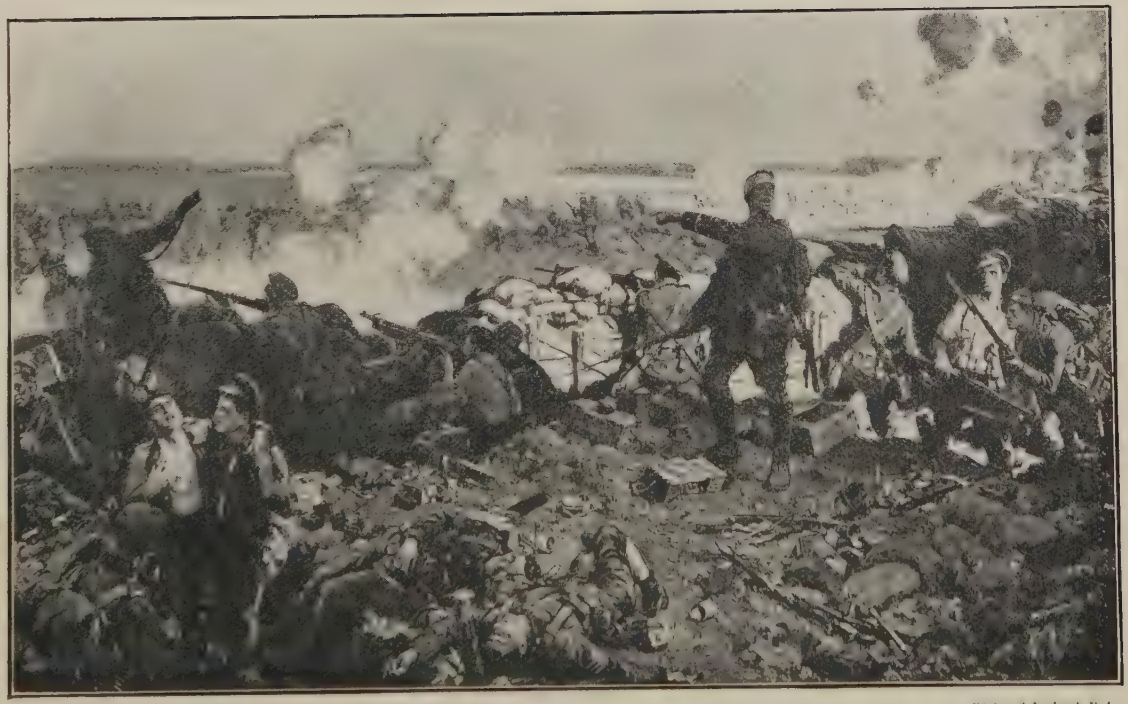
Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The flood had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; grain, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:



—John Ruskin.

From "The King of the Golden River."

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.



Richard Jack, A.R.A.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!

The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

— Robert Browning.

A LIFE OF FEAR

As I sat looking from my window the other morning upon a red squirrel gathering nuts from a small hickory, and storing them up in his den in the bank, I was forcibly reminded of the state of constant fear in which the wild creatures live, and I tried to picture to myself what life would be to me, or to any of us, hedged about by so many dangers, real or imaginary.

The squirrel would shoot up the tree, making only a brown streak from the bottom to the top; would seize his nut and rush down again in the most hurried manner. Halfway to his den, which was not over three rods distant,

he would rush up the trunk of another tree for a few yards to make an observation. No danger being near, he would dive into his den and reappear again in a twinkling.

Returning for another nut, he would mount the second tree again for another observation. Satisfied that the coast was clear, he would spin along the top of the ground to the tree that bore the nuts, shoot up it as before, seize the fruit, and then back again to his retreat.

Never did he fail, during the half hour or more that I watched him, to take an observation on his way both to and from his nest. It was "snatch and run" with him. Something seemed to say to him all the time: "Look out! look out!" "The cat!" "The hawk!" "The owl!" "The boy with the gun!"

It was a bleak December morning; the first fine flakes of a cold, driving snowstorm were just beginning to sift down, and the squirrel was eager to finish harvesting his nuts in time. It was quite touching to see how hurried and anxious and nervous he was. I felt like going out and lending a hand.

The nuts were small, and I thought of all the gnawing he would have to do to get at the scanty meat they held. My little boy once took pity on a squirrel that lived in the wall near the gate, and cracked the nuts for him, and put them upon a small board shelf in the tree, where he could sit and eat them at his ease.

The red squirrel is not so provident as the chipmunk. He lays up stores irregularly, by fits and starts; he never has enough put up to carry him over winter; hence he is more or less active all the season. Long before the December snow, the chipmunk has for days been making hourly

trips to his den with full pockets of nuts or corn or buckwheat, till his bin holds enough to carry him through to April. He need not, and I believe does not, set foot out of doors during the whole winter.

Eternal vigilance is the price of life with most of the wild creatures. There is only one among them whose wildness I cannot understand, and that is the common water turtle. Why is this creature so fearful? What are its enemies? I know of nothing that preys upon it. Yet see how watchful and suspicious these turtles are, as they sun themselves upon a log or a rock. While you are yet many yards away from them, they slide down into the water and are gone.

The land turtle, on the other hand, shows scarcely a trace of fear. He will indeed pause in his walk when you are very near him, but he will not retreat into his shell till you have poked him with your foot or your cane. He appears to have no enemies; but the little spotted water turtle is as shy as if he were the delicate tidbit that every creature was searching for. I did once find one which a fox had dug out of the mud in winter, and carried a few rods and dropped on the snow, as if he had found he had no use for it.

The raccoon is probably the most courageous creature among our familiar wild animals. Who ever saw a raccoon show the white feather? He will face any odds with composure. I have seen one upon the ground, beset by four men and two dogs, and never for a moment losing his presence of mind, or showing a sign of fear. The raccoon is clear grit.

The fox is a very wild and suspicious creature, but, curi-

ously enough, when you suddenly come face to face with him, when he is held by a trap, or driven by the hound, his expression is not that of fear, but of shame and guilt. He seems to diminish in size and to be overwhelmed with humiliation. Does he know himself to be an old thief, and is that the reason of his embarrassment?

In the heart of the rabbit fear constantly abides. The fox is after her, the owls are after her, the gunners are after her, and she has no defence but her speed. She always keeps well to cover. If the hare or rabbit crosses a broad, open exposure, it does so hurriedly, like a mouse when it crosses the road. The mouse is in danger of being pounced upon by the hawk, and the hare or rabbit by the snowy owl, or else the great horned owl.

A friend of mine was following one morning a fresh rabbit track through an open field. Suddenly the track came to an end, as if the creature had taken wings, — as it had, after an unpleasant fashion. There on either side of its last foot imprint, were several parallel lines in the snow, made by the wings of the great owl that had swooped down and carried it off. What a little tragedy was seen written there upon the white, even surface of the field!

— John Burroughs.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, brave heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

THE UNNAMED LAKE

It sleeps among the thousand hills
  Where no man ever trod,
And only Nature's music fills
  The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
  Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast forevermore
  The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
  Go there in spring to weep,
And there, when autumn days are done,
  White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
  The peak of ageless stone,
Where winds have thundered from of old
  And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
  Disturb it night or day,
But sun and shadow, moon and star,
  Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the gray of early dawn,
  When first the lake we spied,
And fragments of a cloud were drawn
  Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,
And from a speck on high,
That hovered in the deepening blue,
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
No sound the silence broke,
Save when, in whispers down the woods,
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

— Canon F. G. Scott.

A TRUE FAIRY TALE

And now I will tell you a fairy tale. I call it a fairy tale, because it is so strange.

Well, once upon a time, so long ago that no man can tell when, the land was so much higher, that between England and Ireland, and what is more, between England and Norway, was firm dry land. The country then must have looked — at least we know it looked so in Norfolk — very like what our moors look like here.

There were forests of Scotch fir, and of spruce too, which is not wild in England now, though you may see plenty in every plantation. There were oaks and alders, yews and sloes, just as there are in our woods now. There was buck-

bean in the bogs, and white-and-yellow water-lilies and pond-weeds, just as there are now in our ponds.

There were wild horses, wild deer, and wild oxen — those last of an enormous size. There were little yellow roe-deer, which will not surprise you, for there are hundreds and thousands in Scotland to this day; and, as you know, they

will thrive well enough in our woods now. There were beavers too; but that must not surprise you, for there were beavers in South Wales long after the Norman Conquest, and there are beavers still in the mountain glens of the south-east of France.

There were honest little water-rats too, who I dare say sat up on their hind-legs like monkeys, nibbling the water-lily pods, thousands of years ago, as they do in our ponds now. Well, so far, we have come to nothing strange; but now begins the fairy tale.

Mixed with all these animals, there wandered about great herds of elephants and rhinoceroses; not smooth-skinned, mind, but covered with hair and wool, like those which are still found sticking out of the everlasting ice cliffs at the mouth of the Lena and other Siberian rivers, with the flesh and skin and hair so fresh upon them that the wild wolves tear it off, and snarl and growl over the carcasses of monsters who were frozen up thousands of years ago.

And with them, stranger still, were great hippopotamuses, who came, perhaps, northward in summer time along the seashore and down the rivers, having spread hither all the way from Africa; for in those days, you must understand, Sicily and Italy and Malta — look at your map — were joined to the coast of Africa; and so, it may be, was the rock of Gibraltar itself, and over the sea where the Straits of Gibraltar now flow was firm dry land, over which hyenas and leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses, ranged into Spain; for their bones are found at this day in the Gibraltar caves. And this is the first chapter of my fairy tale.

Now while all this was going on, and perhaps before this began, the climate was getting colder year by year — we do not know how; and, what is more, the land was sinking, and it sank so deep that at last nothing was left out of the water but the tops of the mountains in Ireland and Scotland and Wales. It sank so deep that it left beds of shells

belonging to the Arctic regions nearly two thousand feet high upon the mountain side. And so —

"It grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald."

But there were no masts then to measure the icebergs by, nor any ship nor human being there. All we know is that the icebergs brought with them vast quantities of mud,

which sank to the bottom, and covered up that pleasant old forest-land in what is called boulder-clay — clay full of bits of broken rock, and of blocks of stone so enormous that nothing but an iceberg could have carried them.

So all the animals were drowned or driven away, and nothing was left alive, perhaps, except a few little hardy plants which clung about cracks and gullies in the mountain tops, and whose descendants live there still. That was a dreadful time, the worst, perhaps, of all the age of ice; and so ends the second chapter of my fairy tale.

Now for my third chapter. "When things come to the worst," says the proverb, "they commonly mend"; and so did this poor frozen and drowned land of England and France and Germany, though it mended very slowly.

The land began to rise out of the sea once more, and rose till it was perhaps as high as it had been at first, and hundreds of feet higher than it is now; but still it was very cold, covered, in Scotland at least, with one great sea of ice and glaciers descending down into the sea. But as the land rose, and grew warmer too while it rose, the wild beasts who had been driven out by the great drowning came gradually back again.

As the bottom of the old icy sea turned into dry land, and got covered with grasses and weeds and shrubs once more, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, oxen — sometimes the same species, sometimes slightly different ones — returned to France, and then to England (for there was no British Channel then to stop them); and with them came other strange animals, especially the great Irish elk, as he is called, as large as the largest horse, with horns sometimes ten feet across. You can judge what a noble animal he must have been. Enormous bears came too, and hyenas, and a tiger or lion (I cannot say which) as large as the largest Bengal tiger now to be seen in India.

And in those days — we cannot, of course, exactly say when — there came — first I suppose into the south and east of France, and then gradually onward into England and Scotland and Ireland — creatures without any hair to keep them warm, or scales to defend them, without horns or tusk to fight with, or teeth to worry and bite; the weakest, you

would have thought, of the beasts, and yet stronger than all the animals, because they were Men, with reasonable souls.

Whence they came we cannot tell, nor why; perhaps from mere hunting after food, and love of wandering, and being independent and alone. Perhaps they came into that icy land for fear of stronger and cleverer people than themselves; for we have no proof, none at all, that they were the first men that trod this earth.

But be that as it may, they came; and so cunning were these savage men, and so brave likewise, that, though they had no iron among them, only flint and sharpened bones, yet they contrived to kill and eat the mammoths, and the giant oxen, and the wild horses, and the reindeer, and to hold their own against the hyenas and tigers and bears, simply because they had wits and the dumb animals had none.

You may find the flint weapons which these old savages used buried in many a gravel-pit up and down France and the south of England. But most of their remains are found in caves which water has eaten out of the lime-stone rocks, like that famous cave of Kent's Hole at Torquay. In it, and in many another cave, lie the bones of animals which the savages ate, and cracked to get the marrow out of them, mixed up with their flint weapons and bone harpoons, and sometimes with burnt ashes and with round stones, used perhaps to heat water, as savages do now, all baked together into a hard paste, or breccia, by the lime.

These are in the water and are often covered with a floor of stalagmite, which has dripped from the roof above and hardened into stone. In these caves, no doubt, the savages

lived; for not only have weapons been found in them, but actually drawings scratched (I suppose with flint) on bone or mammoth ivory — drawings of elk and bull and horse and ibex, and one, which was found in France, of the great mammoth himself, the woolly elephant, with a mane on his shoulders like a lion's mane.

When stronger and bolder people, like the Irish and the Highlanders of Scotland and the Gauls of France, came northward with their bronze and iron weapons, and still more, when our own forefathers came, these poor little savages, with their flint arrows and axes, were no match for them, and had to run away northward or be killed out; for people were fierce and cruel in those old times, and looked on everyone of a different race from themselves as a natural enemy. So these poor savages were driven out, till none were left, save the little Lapps up in the north of Norway, where they live to this day.

And so ends my fairy tale. But is it not a wonderful tale? More wonderful, if you will think it over, than any story invented by man.

— Charles Kingsley.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. — William Shakespeare.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

For many a year Saint Christopher
  Served God in many a land;
And master painters drew his face,
  With loving heart and hand,
On altar fronts and churches' walls;
  And peasants used to say,—
To look on good Saint Christopher
  Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year, in lowly hut,
  The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
  Across the stream he went;
And on his giant shoulders bore
  All travellers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor,
  All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
  His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
  He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
  He sudden heard a call,—
"O Christopher, come, carry me!"
  He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore,
  "It must be that I dreamed,"

He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed
Again the feeble, distant cry,—
"Oh, come and carry me!"
Again he sprang and looked: again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,
Like infant's, soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.
Down on the bank a little child
He found,—a piteous sight,—
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him, as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.
But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier, and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land.

And, staggering, set the infant down,
  And turned to scan his face;
When, lo! he saw a halo bright
  Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
  At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
  Of Jesus Christ, his King,
Until the infant spoke, and said:
  "O Christopher, behold!
I am the Lord whom thou hast served,
  Rise up, be glad and bold!

"For I have seen and noted well,
  Thy works of charity;
And that thou art my servant good
  A token thou shalt see.
Plant firmly here upon this bank
  Thy stalwart staff of pine,
And it shall blossom and bear fruit,
  This very hour, in sign."

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.
  The giant, left alone,
Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,
  His stout pine staff bent down.

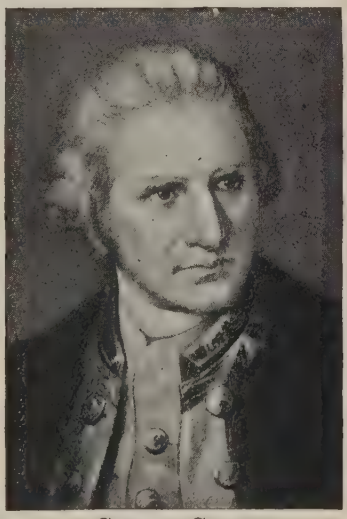
I think the lesson is as good
  To-day as it was then—

As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men—
The lesson of Saint Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard
To help and save his brothers!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

CAPTAIN COOK

In the autumn of 1728, James Cook, who was to become one of the greatest navigators and explorers of the seas, was born in a little mud cottage in Yorkshire, England. His father was a poor farm-laborer, and, as there were nine children in the family, James as a small boy led a very hard life. But, when he was eight years old, his father was promoted to the position of foreman on a large farm owned by a gentleman named Skottowe. This elderly, kind-hearted gentleman soon became interested in the quiet, thoughtful boy. He sent him to school, where he learned to read and to do a little arithmetic, no small accomplishments for the son of a farm-laborer in those days.



Captain Cook

School days, however, did not last long. At the age of

twelve, James was apprenticed to a store-keeper in a near-by fishing town. But he was not contented. From the door of the stuffy little grocery store where he worked, he could watch the sea, and it seemed always to be calling him. It is not surprising, therefore, that before long he persuaded his father to apprentice him on board a small vessel employed in carrying coal from Newcastle to London. He proved to be a good worker and a reliable seaman, and continued with the same firm of ship owners until he reached manhood, finally becoming mate of one of their ships.

At this time England and France were at war. Men were urgently needed for the Navy, but men were impossible to obtain. The service was hard, the food poor, and the punishment for the slightest disobedience was frequently five dozen lashes. Sailors were loath to exchange their comfortable berths in the merchant service for the harsh discipline of the man-o'-war. To obtain men the government was forced to resort to the press gang. Armed bands of bluejackets would be sent ashore, under the command of an officer, with instructions to take forcibly, if necessary, as many men as were needed, wherever they might be found. If a seaman wished to avoid being pressed into the Navy, he had to conceal himself hurriedly, when the news went around that the press gangs were on the lookout.

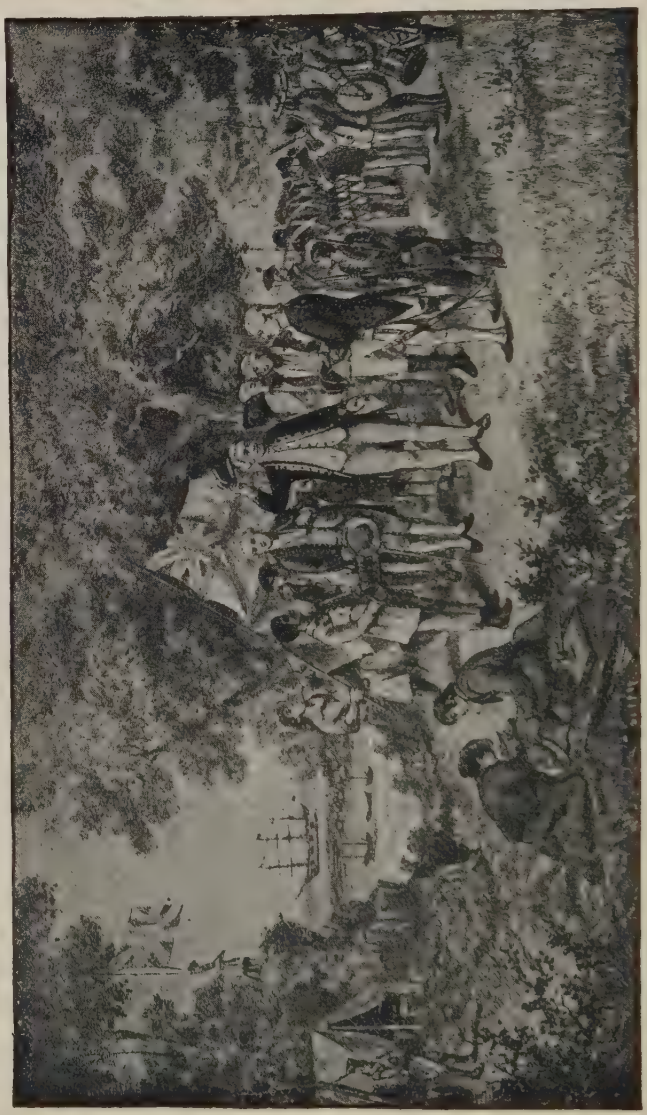
In 1755, on one of his trips from Newcastle, Cook arrived at the port of London. At once he heard that the press gangs were unusually active, and, to avoid impressment, he hid himself. But, while he lay in hiding, he decided that the right thing for him to do was to volunteer as an able seaman in the Navy. He was accepted and immediately

assigned to duty. His knowledge of navigation, his industry, and his cheerful willingness to do whatever work was given to him soon attracted the attention of his superiors. He was promoted rapidly, and, after four years of service, he rose to the rank of master, the highest rank that a common sailor could reach.

In 1759, a British fleet was sent to the St. Lawrence, under the command of Admiral Saunders, to coöperate with the land army under General Wolfe in the capture of the strong fortress of Quebec. As master of the *Mercury* Cook accompanied the expedition. Immediately he had his chance to distinguish himself. Saunders wished to learn the depths of the river, in order that he might know where to anchor his ships for the coming attack. Cook was selected to take the soundings. The operation had to be done secretly, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the French, and at night, as the two forts of Montmorency and Beaufort were directly opposite where he had to work.

One night, as the daring Englishman was engaged in taking his soundings, a band of Indians, allies of the French, discovered him. He darted towards the Island of Orleans in the middle of the river and leaped on shore, just as the Indians seized the end of his canoe. They were forced to content themselves with the canoe as a trophy instead of his scalp, as he escaped among the trees in the darkness. Fortunately he had already obtained all the information that he required, and from this he prepared a chart, which Saunders later used with great advantage in the siege of the city.

Cook's next assignment was the survey of the whole



CAPTAIN COOK LANDING ON THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT

course of the St. Lawrence River below Quebec. His reward for this service was a special grant of fifty pounds. Later, he was engaged in surveys of the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador. During the next ten years he studied hard to qualify himself for advancement in the Navy. When he was forty years of age, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant and given command of an expedition to the far-away island of Tahiti. The main purpose of the voyage was to observe what would happen when the planet Venus passed across the face of the sun, as it was due to do in June, 1768. Cook, as a thorough scientist and skilled navigator, was selected for this important duty. After all preparations were made, he and his party set sail in the spring of 1768 in a small vessel, the *Endeavour*. The expedition did not return for three years.

In these three years much was accomplished. Cook discovered and named several new islands in the Pacific Ocean. He sailed around New Zealand, the first man to do so, and carefully charted the coasts. He took possession of Australia in the name of the king of Great Britain. He sailed through the Torres Straits, which separate Australia from New Guinea. He skirted the ice-fields which surround the southern pole. As a reward for his skill and enterprise, on his return to England, he was promoted to the rank of commander.

In the next year, another expedition consisting of two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, was sent out, again with Cook in command. Again he was absent for three years, and again much important work was done. He discovered New Caledonia, explored many of the islands of the

Pacific, and once more he sailed around the edge of the ice-field at the southern pole. He did not, however, venture further exploration there. It remained for the daring explorers of the twentieth century, Captain Amundsen and Captain Scott, to reveal the secrets of the ice-bound pole.

Strangely enough for those days, there was but one death among the crews during the time that the two ships were away from England. This was in such marked contrast to the fearful losses suffered by other similar expeditions that it attracted widespread attention. Says one naval writer: "In these days it is difficult to understand the sufferings of British seamen when the Empire was in the making. Scurvy killed more sailor-men than any other sickness, battle, or tempest. For instance, in all the naval battles of the Seven Years' War only about fifteen hundred sailors and marines were killed in battle, but over one hundred and thirty-three thousand died of disease, or were missing, and scurvy was the commonest disease. Whole crews were disabled by scurvy, which is due to the want of fresh food, especially fresh vegetables and fruit." Cook, by his skill and his thoughtfulness in taking care of his men, was able to combat this dread disease, thereby setting an example which bore almost immediate results.

The third and last voyage made by Cook, now a captain, was again to the Pacific Ocean, this time with the special purpose of finding the long-dreamed-of North-West Passage. That such a passage existed was the firm belief of many leading geographers of the day, and the British government actually offered a reward of £20,000 to the man who should discover it. Cook's instructions were to round Cape Horn

and then sail up the west coast of America. From the western Pacific he was to try to find a way through to the Atlantic Ocean.

Cook first reached the west coast of America at a point which he named Cape Fairweather. The next day he reached another cape and named it Flattery. A week afterwards he entered a bay, which he later found was called by the Indians Nootka Sound. Finding a good harbor there, he anchored within a short distance of the shore. In his own account of his voyage he describes Nootka Sound, the adjacent coast, and the native Indians. These were the first words written in English with reference to British Columbia, for Cook was the first British subject to set foot on the shores of this province.

Cook remained at anchor in Nootka Sound for nearly a month. In that time he interviewed the Indians, visited the Island and the mainland, and made a careful study of the country and its inhabitants. He made as complete a list as possible of the animals from the skins the Indians brought to sell, and he also described the fish and birds and many of the trees of the coast. After this he put to sea again, continuing his voyage to the north. Until severe cold set in, he made a search for the North-West Passage and then decided to spend the winter in the Sandwich Islands.

On February 14th, 1779, the natives, with whom Cook had always been on the most friendly terms, became hostile. Some things had been stolen from his ship, and he had given orders to his crew to watch the natives in their canoes and not let them escape, while he went on shore to

interview their king. While he was there, some of his men fired on the natives in the canoes. At once all was excitement, and those on shore surrounded Cook, waving their spears threateningly, but they made no attempt to touch him until he turned to call to his crew to cease firing. When he did this, the influence which he had always exerted over them seemed to vanish, and a native, leaping forward, stabbed him in the back. It was a tragic end to such a noble life, but perhaps his work was finished.

Captain Cook had accomplished much. He had added three million square miles to the British Empire; he had found the real continent of Australia, where a supposed continent had been; he had found a way for men to keep healthy at sea; and he had surveyed the coast-lines of Newfoundland, Labrador, and the western coast of America and proved it safe for ships to travel there. "His work was thorough, his character just." He was the most humane of men, both with his sailors and with the natives of the islands and countries which he had discovered or visited. So greatly was he honored by all peoples that France, while at war with England, gave special orders to her naval commanders that Captain Cook's ship and his sailors were to be treated as those of an ally wherever they were met.

—Margaret Bemister.

A PSALM OF DAVID

First Chorus

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein:
For he hath founded it upon the seas,

And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?

Second Chorus

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.

First Chorus

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Second Chorus

Who is this King of glory?

First Chorus

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

First Chorus

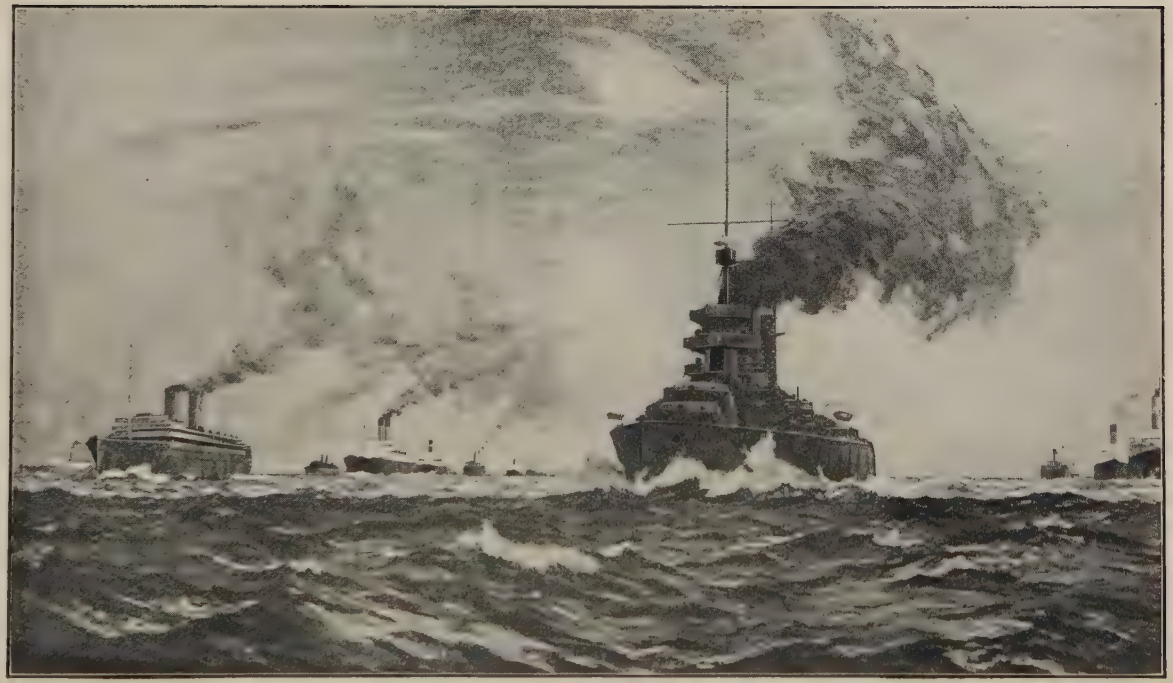
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Second Chorus

Who is this King of glory?

First Chorus

The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory. —The Bible: *Psalm 24.*



Norman Wilkinson

Canada's Answer

THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT ON ITS WAY TO ENGLAND

PART II

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
  From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE WHITE HORSE PLAIN

Formerly the Assiniboins were a part of the Sioux nation, speaking the same language and having frequent intercourse with the other Sioux tribes. The Assiniboins, however, being nearer than any branch of the Sioux family

to the Kristinots, their hereditary foes, observing that the latter had obtained firearms and powder from the English forts at Hudson Bay, made a treaty of peace with these more powerfully armed neighbors. Meanwhile, the other Sioux tribes, who had no share in this treaty, continued to slay all the Kristinots who fell into their hands. Thus the Assiniboins began to be looked upon with suspicion

by the Sioux brethren. They were not yet deemed open enemies, but were on the point of being treated as such, when an event took place that broke the bonds of fellowship forever.

One day a distinguished young brave of the Kristinot nation came to an Assiniboin chief and asked him to give him his daughter in marriage. As this youthful squaw was a maiden of rare beauty, the chief claimed a great

price for her hand. Happily the Kristinot warrior possessed what, in the eyes of the Indians, was a peerless and tempting prize—a beautiful, spirited, and fleet-footed steed, white as the driven snow. The chief, unable to resist this fascinating gift, gave away his daughter and kept the snow-white steed. But the Assiniboin tribe had not yet forgotten how the Kristinots had, in the olden time, scalped many of their relatives; so not a few murmured secretly against this new alliance, which estranged them from their blood relations.

A few days later there arrived a numerous band of Sioux, made aware of this marriage by a medicine-man who had a grudge against the Assiniboin chief. One of these Sioux, who was the son of a powerful chief, had asked for the hand of that same maiden and had been rejected. On learning that a Kristinot had been preferred to him, he was beside himself with rage. Under pretext of reprisals of war, he wanted to capture the Kristinot warrior, and then torture him with all the refinements of savage cruelty. The Sioux were well armed and in great force. On the other hand, the friendship of the Assiniboins for their new allies was far from being firmly established. Seeing the danger that threatened his son-in-law, the Assiniboin chief saddled the snow-white steed and told the Kristinot to fly to his people in the darkness of the night. The latter eagerly accepted the offer, lifted his young wife up behind him, and fled.

At break of day the Sioux, furious at finding that the Kristinot was about to elude them, mounted in hot pursuit. They overtook him on the banks of the Assiniboine

River, a couple of miles west of the spot on which now stands the parish church of St. François Xavier. With their arrows they slew him and his bride. The white horse, freed from his double burden, dashed off at a mad gallop. In spite of all their skill the Sioux could not catch him.

For many years after, the white horse continued to rove the neighboring plain. The Indians, ever superstitious, no longer dared to attempt his capture. No one knows exactly what became of him. The medicine-men solemnly averred that the Manitous had carried him off to the happy hunting-grounds of the other world, where the ghost of the luckless Kristinot wandered, awaiting his white horse for the chase.

Henceforth, the story goes, the rupture between the Assiniboins and the Sioux was complete.

Instead of giving to this plain the name of the Kristinot warrior or of his bride, the Indians, as is their custom, preferred to call it after the snow-white steed. Hence the parish of St. François Xavier in Manitoba has long been known as "The White Horse Plain."

—The Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J.

Translated from the French of L. A. Prud'homme.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

—The Bible: *Psalm 23.*

DOUBTING CASTLE AND GIANT DESPAIR

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were

sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant: "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So he told his wife what he had done; that he had taken a couple of prisoners and had cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her what he had best do further to them. So she asked what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and, perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves: "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?"

But they desired him to let them go. With that, he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do.

Well towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive, and truly, alive was all. For now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no.

Now the Giant's wife asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds as you have done, and I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again!" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in lamentable case as before.

Now, when night was come, Mistress Diffidence and her husband the Giant began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and the old Giant wondered that he

could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied:

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty: I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

"Then," said Hopeful, "that's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with this key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, but that lock went desperately hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed. But that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after

them. Then they went on and came to the King's highway, and so were safe.

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after read what was written and escaped the danger.

— John Bunyan.

From "The Pilgrim's Progress."

THE MAPLE

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elms toss high till they reach the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,
But the tree I love all the greenwood above
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer;
There's a word may be for the locust tree,
That delicate, strange new-comer;

But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of Winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made
Than its summer canopy sifted,
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh, green hill,
Where a maple stood just clear of the wood —
And oh! to be near it still!

— Charles G. D. Roberts.

By permission of L. C. Page & Co.

THE LARK AT THE DIGGINGS

The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze-bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded, and oak and ash reigned safe from overtowering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass-plot and gravel-walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Ah, well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect

to have it all to ourselves and indeed it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is, here it is — there!" Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What, is it *this* we came twelve miles to see?

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, but what is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it!"

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

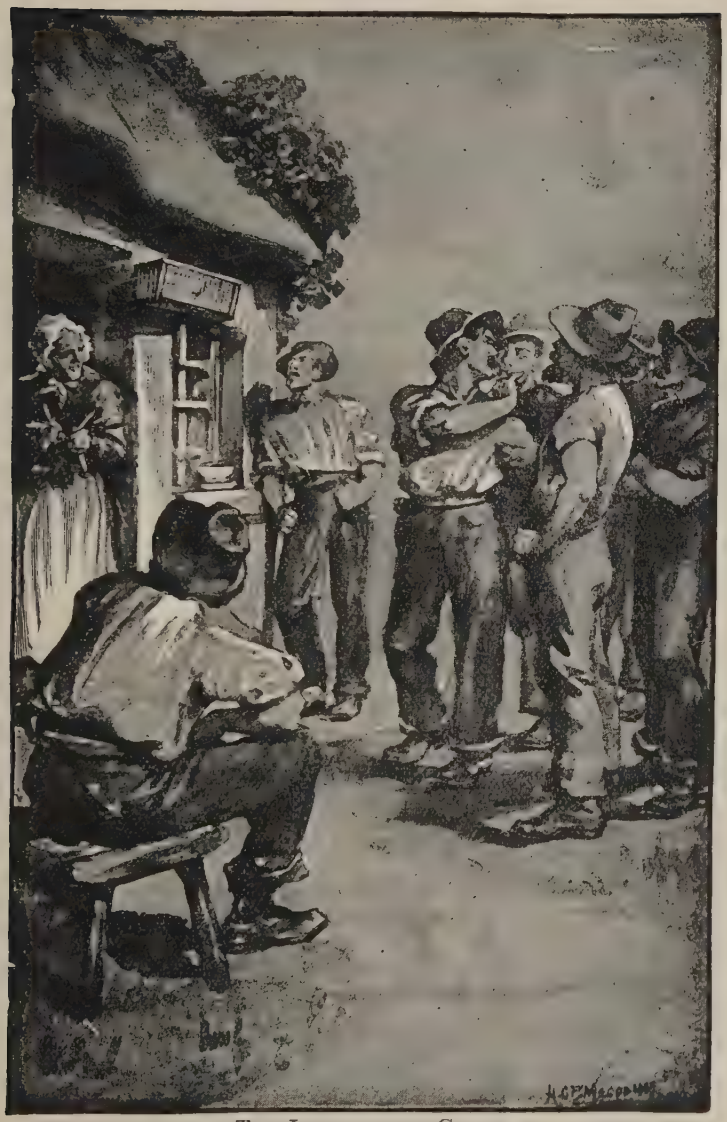
"Oh, ay, I see! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your cackle," cried one, "he is going to sing"; and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, to call his ancient cadences back to him one by one, and to string them together.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last — amidst breath-



The Lark in the Cage

less silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice — out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled from his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and purity, and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And, when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey-clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Home! sweet home!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths, and drink, and riot, and remorses; but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the songshine; they came back, bright as the immortal notes that had lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage; the old mother's tears, when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple

chimes; the clover field hard by in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked; the sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home!

"What will you take for him, mistress? I will give you five pounds for him!"

"No! no! I won't take five pounds for my bird!"

"Of course she won't," cried another; "she wouldn't be such a flat. Here missus," cried he, "I'll give you that for him," and he extended a brown hand with at least thirty new sovereigns glittering in it.

The woman trembled; she and her husband were just emerging from poverty after a hard fight. "Oh," she cried, "it is a shame to tempt a poor woman with so much gold. We had six brought over, and all died on the way but this one!" and she threw her apron over her head, not to see the glittering bribe.

"Bother you, put the money up and don't tempt the woman," was the cry; but the woman turned to him kindly, and said: "You come to me every Sunday, and he shall sing to you. You will get more pleasure from him so," said she sweetly, "than if he was always by you."

"So I shall, old girl," replied the rough, in a friendly tone.

George stayed till the lark gave up singing altogether, and then he said: "Now, I'm off. I don't want to hear bad language after that: let us take the lark's chirp home to bed with us." And they made off; and true it was, the pure strains dwelt upon their spirits, and refreshed and purified these sojourners in an evil place.

— Charles Reade.

THE SPLENDOR OF THE DAYS

Sweet and shrill the crickets hiding in the grasses brown and lean
Pipe their gladness — sweeter, shriller — one would think the world was green.
O the haze is on the hilltops, and the haze is on the lake!
See it fleeing through the valley with the bold wind in its wake!
Mark the warm October haze!
Mark the splendor of the days!
And the mingling of the crimson with the sombre brown and grays!

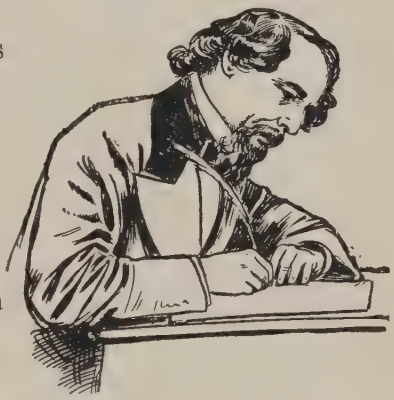
See the bare hills turn their furrows to the shine and to the glow;
If you listen, you can hear it, hear a murmur soft and low —
"We are naked," so the fields say, "stripped of all our golden dress."
"Heed it not," October answers, "for I love ye none the less.
Share my beauty and my cheer
While we rest together here,
In these sun-filled days of languor, in these late days of the year."

All the splendor of the summer, all the springtime's light and grace,
All the riches of the harvest crown her head and light her face;
And the wind goes sighing, sighing, as if loath to let her pass,

While the crickets sing exultant in the lean and withered grass.
O the warm October haze!
O the splendor of the days!
O the mingling of the crimson with the sombre brown and grays!

— Jean Blewett.

DICKENS IN CAMP



Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes, — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly, —
This spray of Western pine!

— Francis Bret Harte.

THE STORY OF ABSALOM

So the people went out into the field against Israel: and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak.

And Joab said unto the man that told him, And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle.

And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in mine hand, yet would I not put forth mine hand against the king's son: for in our hearing the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life: for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldest have set thyself against me.

Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through

the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him.

And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel: for Joab held back the people. And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him: and all Israel fled every one to his tent.

And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the watchman saw another man running: and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Me thinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hands against my lord the king.

And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

And, behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people: for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son. And the people gat them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle.

But the king covered his face, and the king cried with a loud voice, O my son Absalom, O Absalom, my son, my son!

—The Bible: *2 Samuel, xviii-xix.*

IMMORTALITY

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
Until they wake.
They will not weep, the mothers, in the years
The future will decree;
For they have died that the battles and the tears
Shall cease to be.

They will not die, the victorious and the slain
Sleeping in foreign soil,
They gave their lives, but to the world is the gain
Of their sad toil.
They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
Until they wake.

— Arthur S. Bourinot.

From "Canadian Singers and Their Songs" by permission of McClelland & Stewart.

TO AN ORIOLE

"How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In Southern splendor through our Northern sky?

In some blithe moment was it Nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange lily, flecked with black,
In a forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning to heaven till its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?"

—Edgar Fawcett.

Minds are of celestial birth:
Make we then a heaven on earth.

I DIG A DITCH

I take off my coat and hang it over a limb of the little hawthorn tree. I put my bag near it. I roll up the sleeves of my flannel shirt. I give my hat a twirl; I'm ready for work.

So I dug. There is something fine in hard physical labor, straight ahead; no brain used, just muscles. I stood ankle-deep in the cool water; every spadeful came out with a smack, and as I turned it over at the edge of the ditch small turgid rivulets coursed back again. I did not think of anything in particular. I dug.

A peculiar joy attends the very pull of the muscles. I drove the spade home with one foot, then I bent and lifted and turned with a sort of physical satisfaction difficult to describe. At first I had the cool of the morning, but by seven o'clock the day was hot enough! I opened the breast of my shirt, gave my sleeves another roll, and went at it again for half an hour, until I dripped with perspiration.

"I will knock off," I said, so I used my spade as a ladder and climbed out of the ditch. Being very thirsty, I walked down through the marshy valley to the clump of alders which grows along the creek. I followed a cow path through the thicket and came to the creek side, where I knelt on a log and took a good long drink. Then I soused my head in the cool stream, dashed the water upon my arms, and came up dripping and gasping. Oh, but it was fine!

So I came back to the hawthorn tree, where I sat down comfortably and stretched my legs. There is a poem in

stretched legs—after hard digging—but I can't write it, though I can feel it! I got my bag and took out a half loaf of Harriet's bread. Breaking off big crude pieces, I ate it there in the shade.

How rarely we taste the real taste of bread! We disguise it with butter, we toast it, we eat it with milk or fruit. We even soak it with gravy (here in the country, where we aren't at all polite—but very comfortable), so that we never get the downright delicious taste of the bread itself.

I was hungry this morning, and I ate my half loaf to the last crumb—and wanted more. Then I lay down for a moment in the shade and looked up into the sky through the thin outer branches of the hawthorn. A turkey buzzard was lazily circling cloud-high above me. A frog boomed intermittently from the little marsh, and there were bees at work in the blossoms.

I had another drink at the creek and went back somewhat reluctantly, I confess, to the work. I was hot, and the first joy of effort had worn off. But the ditch was to be dug, and I went at it again.

Down towards the town there is a little factory for barrel hoops and staves. It has one of the most musical whistles I ever heard in my life. It toots at exactly twelve o'clock: blessed sound! The last half hour at ditch digging is a hard, slow pull. I'm warm and tired, but I stick down to it and wait with straining ear for the music. At the very first note of that whistle I drop my spade. I will even empty out a load of dirt halfway up rather than expend another ounce of energy; and I spring out of the ditch and start for home with a single desire in my heart—or possibly

lower down. And Harriet, standing in the doorway, seems to me a sort of angel—a culinary angel!

Talk of joy! There may be things better than beef stew and baked potatoes and homemade bread—there may be—

-David Grayson.

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THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford

Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,

The hoary Colleges look down
  On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
  To seek a bloody sod —
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

— Winifred M. Letts.

From "The Spires of Oxford" by permission of the Author.

THE COYOTE

The coyote is a long, slim, sick-and-sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that for ever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth. He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is *always*

hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that, even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is *so* homely; so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful!

When he sees you, he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops, and takes a deliberate survey of you. He will trot fifty yards, and stop again; another fifty, and stop again; and finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

If you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much — especially if the dog be one that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudful smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind

the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along, and never pants or sweats, or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is.

And next, the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy. This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say, "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you; for business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere; and behold, the dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

It makes his head swim. He stops and looks all around; climbs the nearest sand-mound and gazes into the distance; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost wagon, and feels unmistakably mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs

his tail at half-mast for a week. And for as much as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue-and-cry after a coyote, that dog will merely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

— Mark Twain.

From "Roughing It" by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

THE COYOTE

Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through;
Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing — an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carlo, old fellow — he's one of your kind —
Go, seek him, and bring him in out of the wind.
What! snarling, my Carlo! So — even dogs may
Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

— Francis Bret Harte.

SCOTS, WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power —
  Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
  Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
  Let us do, or die!

— Robert Burns.

THE OASIS

There came suddenly a strip of green land.

It was like a branch of flowers yet fresh, drifting out to a ship at sea. The birds sang clearly in the early morning, high over our heads, flashing in the bright air. The damp

sand was delicately printed with the tracks of birds. The desert lay around us in low hillocks, like the long billows of a retiring ocean. The air blew fresh and sweet from the west — fresh and sweet, for it was the breath of the Mediterranean.

And suddenly we came upon green land. The country was like a rolling pasture. Grass and dandelions and a myriad familiar wild flowers lay like wreaths of welcome at our feet. There were clumps of palms and single acacias; the cactus, also, that we call the Indian fig, shapeless, prickly, but full of the sun, and fat with promise.

The wind blew, the birds sang, the trees waved. They were the outposts of life, whence it nodded and beckoned to us, and threw us flowers as we emerged from the death of the desert. They receded, they sank into vapory distance — the waving trees, the singing birds. Promises and hopes they sing and wave upon the desert, and I greeted them as the mariner at sea greets the South in the bough of blossoms floating by him.

The strip of green land passed, and we entered upon pure Sahara. It was the softest, most powdery sand; tossed by light winds, it drew sharp angles, glittering white angles, against the dense blue. The last trace of green vanished as we passed deeper among the ridges. The world was a chaotic ocean of sparkling white sand.

The desert was in that moment utter and hopeless desert, but was never desert again. Bare and still and bright it was soft beyond expression in the fitful game of shadows played upon it by the sun — for vapors were gathering overhead.

In the Desert

Suddenly, around one of the sharp angles — and I could not until then tell if it were near or far — suddenly a band of armed Arabs came riding towards us. They curveted, and dashed, and caracoled upon spirited horses. They came close to us and greeted our men with endless kissings and salaams. They chatted and called aloud; their weapons flashed and rattled, their robes flowed in the wind: then suddenly, like a cloud of birds, they wheeled from us, and away they sped over the horizon.

We plodded on. The Armenian's little white mare paced toilingly through the loose sand. It was high noon, and, advancing silently, we passed over the near horizon of the ridges and came upon a plain of hard sand. Not far away lay a town of white stone houses and the square walls of a fort; and beyond them all, the lustrous line of the sea. It was El Harish, on the edge of the desert.

Under the crescent moon the camp was pitched. And under the crescent moon all Arabia was but a sea-beach, for unmitigated sand lay from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. The curious children flocked out of the town, and watched with profound attention the ceremonies of infidel tea-making and the dinner of the unbelievers. The muezzin called from the minaret, and the children left us to the sky and the sand and the sea.

The Mediterranean called to us through the darkness. The moonlight was so vague that the sea and the desert were blent. The world was sunk in mysterious haze. We were encamped, it seemed, on the very horizon, and looked off into blank space.

After the silence of the desert, it was strange to hear the

voice of the sea. It was Homer's sea, the only sea of romance and fame; over which Helen sailed and the Argonauts; out of which sailed Columbus. Upon its shore stood Carthage, and across its calm the sirens sang.

— George William Curtis.

BOADICEA

When the British warrior-queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief —
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief:

"Princess! If our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish! — write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt!

"Rome for empire far renowned
  Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,

Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
  Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
  Dying, hurled them at the foe:

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud!
  Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
  Shame and ruin wait for you."

— William Cowper.

OLIVER CROMWELL AT HOME

The party numbered four: a very old lady in snowy mobcap, bent somewhat low with age, who sat in an easy-chair in the warm inglenook; a quiet, placid-faced matron in sober attire, with that air of purity and quiet aloofness from the world which has in later days been described by the term of "Quaker-like"; whilst the remaining pair were young maidens, dressed with a greater regard to fashion, who gazed with eager interest at the two girls now advancing up the long room.

They bent low in graceful salutation, and received a greeting slightly less ceremonious.

"Sit down, my dears," were Mrs. Cromwell's first words, uttered in such quiet, home-like tones that all strangeness

seemed to pass away. "Pauline, push up the chairs nearer to the fire; it is a cold day for the time of year. There is almost a touch of frost in the air I think."

A little talk on family matters followed. This paved the way towards ease and intimacy; but the girls scarce knew how to begin upon the subject which lay near their heart, and Mrs. Cromwell, perceiving this, gently came to their aid.

"It is told me, my dears, that you have come to London on an errand of some sadness. Is it your wish to speak with us on this matter? for if so, we will give ready hearing. My heart has often bled for all the misery of the past years — desolated hearts and homes, houses divided against themselves, bloodshed and confusion everywhere. We need not be at enmity one with another, even though we may not be able to believe in the same cause."

"O madam, you give us hope; you speak gracious words?" broke out Juliana impetuously. "You will array yourself on the side of mercy, and plead for the lives of those we love who have fallen under the displeasure of the generals of the army."

"Let me know somewhat more of this matter. If I am to speak with my husband anent it, needs must that nothing be kept back."

"And nothing shall be, madam," answered Jane, taking up the word in response to a look from Juliana — "nothing but certain names which I trow you would not ask me to disclose."

"I ask no names," replied Mrs. Cromwell, with dignity; "I ask only facts."

"And those you shall have, madam. You shall know every detail, from the moment when he whom we have learned to call the King, but whom you know better as Charles Stuart, fled from the field of Worcester, till he took ship at Shoreham beach, scarce a month ago, and set sail with Lord Wilmot for France."

"He really is safely away from these shores?" asked Cromwell's wife, with an unmistakable accent of relief in her voice.

"He is, madam; and we have received through friends the tidings that he is safe in France. Those who profess him still in hiding here, either know not the truth or seek to pervert it."

Then beginning at the moment when Charles fled from Worcester, Jane told the whole story in all its details. Her voice never faltered; she went on and on with growing confidence, while her listeners sat spellbound before her and scarce drew breath at the close, till it was told how, at the very last moment, Basil and Upton were surrounded and taken at the inn — which arrest, had it taken place earlier, would most certainly have caught the King in its toils.

"Thank God that he escaped!" was the first and most unexpected word spoken at the close, and it broke from the aged mother in the ingle. "Thank God that my son has been spared a second sin — that he has never laid hands upon the son of the man whose death he believed himself forced to compass!"

There was silence for a few moments, and then Frances, turning to the two girls, exclaimed, "But were you not

afraid to be the companions of yonder hunted prince, when that proclamation went forth that all who aided in his flight were to be slain without mercy?"

Juliana looked full in the face of Frances as she answered, "If men are ready to risk life and all in the cause they hold to be right, shall we shrink from sharing their perils? And how much more when it is in the cause of mercy and humanity? Was it not the Son of God who declared, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy?'"

At that moment there was a movement behind the arras. There, concealed from view, was a door leading into a private closet, which Cromwell used when he wanted quiet and leisure from interruption. It communicated by another door with the corridor without, so that those in this apartment did not know whether he was in or not. It had been reported that he would be at Westminster, engaged upon matters of state all that day.

Mrs. Cromwell, who had not observed the movement spoke again in her quiet, measured tones. "My child, you have spoken a true word; for God's promises can never fail, let man fail never so grievously in his. The merciful shall be blessed of Him; and I often think that when the books shall be open and read, whereas hundreds will quake at the hearing of their many acts of hardness (though believed by them at the time to be just and necessary), they will never feel aught but a great gladness that they showed mercy even to those who had most sorely injured them."

Suddenly the curtain was flung aside: they were in the presence of that redoubtable man of iron — Oliver Cromwell himself. The stalwart figure, clad in semi-military

dress; the bullet head, with its straight hair; the plain features, but with that extraordinary power in the eyes and in the whole expression which caused men to forget that plainness — all this they perceived without actually observing; for their faculties were held, as it were, in suspense, and they gazed with a sense of fascination and dread.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, Cromwell marched straight up to his wife, his spurs ringing upon the floor.

"You talk of mercy — of the God of mercy," he said; "is He not a God of justice too?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cromwell, with a wonderful love-light in her eyes, for she loved this stern husband of hers with every fibre of her being, and knew that he loved her in like fashion — "yes, Noll, He is a God of justice too; and He hath said, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.'"

"What do you ask of me?" he asked briefly.

"I ask of you the release and pardon of two young Cavaliers now lying in Newgate, arrested on the charge of having helped in the escape of Charles Stuart. I ask it not because they are guiltless — if guilt there be in hiding and assisting the fugitive — but because they have acted under what seemed to them the call of duty. I ask it because yonder fair girls have come to plead for their lives. I ask it because, were the tide of fortune to ebb once more for us, I know that I would sue upon my bended knees for the lives of every one who had aided thee to a safe escape from peril, my husband."

"Ay, and I ask it too," spoke the old lady from the ingle. "I ask it because I am growing old, and would fain see an

Cromwell Interrupts the Interview

end of confusion and bloodshed. I ask it because I have ever maintained that the strong should be merciful; that the God of battles, when He gives victory to the righteous cause, is foully served by those He has aided when they show cruelty and harshness. I ask it because I wept bitter tears over one Stuart's death, and I am thankful to have been spared the horror of even fearing to see such another tragedy. I ask it because I would fain see my son's name revered as that of a just and merciful man."

Cromwell swept round upon his heel; the girls felt the fiery eyes upon them for a moment.

"Bring me paper and ink, and the seal from off my table," he said, addressing Frances in his brief, imperious fashion. She flew to do his bidding, her face illumined with smiles, and hastened back with the desired requisites. The general sat down.

"The names of these two men?"

He looked straight at Jane, who answered, seeking to steady her voice. "Basil Coningsby and Upton Caghill."

"When taken and where imprisoned?"

"Taken at an inn in Brighthelmstone; conveyed to Newgate, where they still lie."

"Their crime I remember—assisting in the flight of Charles Stuart, and causing the death of many of my brave troopers."

"Yes, my lord," answered Juliana, "as your brave troopers have caused the death of many a gallant Cavalier!"

The words sprang to the girl's lips, and found utterance almost ere she was aware. Cromwell suddenly looked up, and there was a twinkle in the deep-set eyes which met those of the speaker.

"The old saw, the old saw: 'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' eh? So Oliver Cromwell must not fall foul of those who slay his best friends?"

"A brave general never falls foul of those of his foes who show a bold front and do their duty," answered Juliana, with sudden boldness. "Traitors and turncoats deserve disgrace and death, but not true men who have risked their lives in battle, or in the cause of mercy after the battle."

Cromwell wrote on in silence, signed his name at the foot of the paper, and affixed the seal, Frances standing at his elbow in a tremor of excitement.

"How now, wench, what ails you?" he asked, as the fingers shook which held the taper.

She did not answer till the seal was made, and then she flung her arms about his neck.

"I am trembling with joy because I have a father who can do such deeds of noble clemency, and who will do them at the petition of those who come to ask him mercy."

He made her no answer, but strode up to Jane and Juliana, and put the paper into their hands.

"You have gained your point, maidens. You owe it to three things — your own courageous and unvarnished tale, which I listened to over yonder, though you knew it not; the intercession of the things I hold dearest upon earth; and the hope that the God above us will approve this act of mercy, and show mercy to me when I render up my account to Him."

— E. Everett-Green.

From "After Worcester."

THE TORCH OF LIFE

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night —
Ten to make and the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of
a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a
season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on
his shoulder smote —
"Play up! play up! and
play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red, —
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his
banks,
And England's far, and Honor a
name,
But the voice of a Schoolboy rallies
the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the
game!"

This is the word that year by year
While in her place the School is set,

Everyone of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind —
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

— Sir Henry Newbolt.

MR. WINKLE ON SKATES

On Christmas morning Mr. Wardle invited Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and his other guests to go down to the pond.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Mr. Wardle.

"Ye — s; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I — I — am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

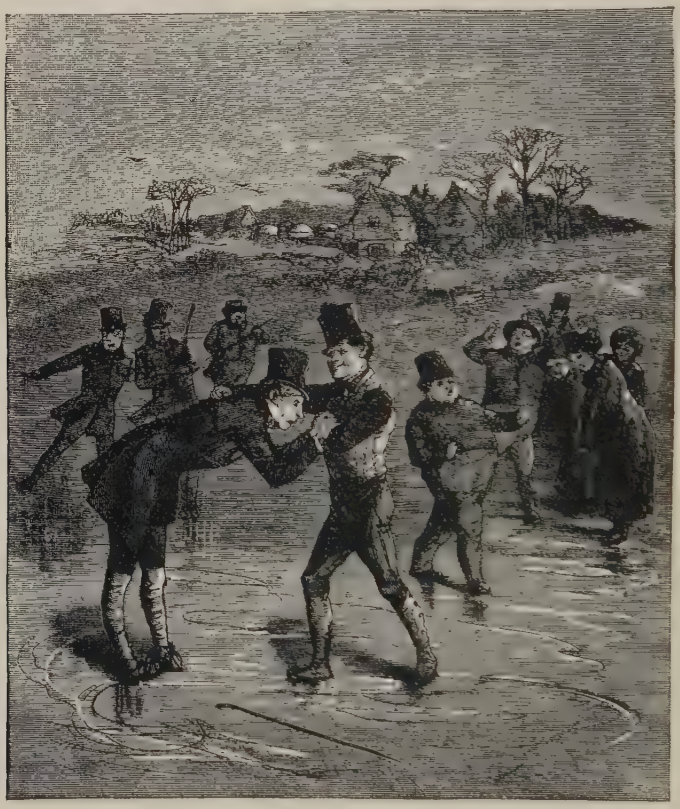
A third young lady said it was "elegant," and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I am sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Mr. Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept

away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and in-



scribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, — to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, — which reached a pitch of positive en-

thusiasm when Mr. Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his shoes, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show them how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; aren't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the bank: "Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dex-

terity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind on skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his face.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller and said in a stern voice: "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words: "You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I shall speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir." With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

—Charles Dickens.

From "Pickwick Papers."

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN

Smile, you inland hills and rivers!
  Flush, you mountains in the dawn!
But my roving heart is seaward
  With the ships of gray St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,
  Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
  Peace and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country
  The old habitude takes on,
But my wintry heart is outbound
  With the great ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,
  Till the man-child was a man,
Canada, great nurse and mother
  Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;
Now far alien countries call me
With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,
Doubt, the derelict, is gone;
Sane and glad I clear the headland
With the white ships of St. John.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This gray port of the gray sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer too—slip my moorings
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,
Be a word to lift the world,
Till the many see the signal
Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the light house, past the nun-buoy,
  Past the crimson rising sun,
There are dreams go down the harbor
  With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
  As they clear the island bar—
Fade, till speck by speck the midday
  Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight a vaster sea-line,
  Wider leeway, longer run,
Whose discoverers return not
  With the ships of gray St. John.

—Bliss Carman.

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THE BARREN LANDS

Long before the treeless wastes are reached, the forests cease to be forests except by courtesy. The trees—black and white spruce, the Canadian larch, and the gray pine, willow, alder, etc.—have an appearance of youth; so that the traveller would hardly suppose them to be more than a few years old, at first sight. Really this juvenile appearance is a species of second childhood; for, on the shores of the Great Bear Lake, four centuries are necessary for the growth of a trunk not so thick as a man's wrist.

The farther north the more lamentably decrepit becomes the appearance of these woodlands, until, presently, their sordidness is veiled by thick growths of gray lichens — the "caribou moss," as it is called — which clothe the trunks and hang down from the shrivelled boughs. And still farther north the trees become mere stunted stems, set with blighted buds that have never been able to develop themselves into branches; until, finally, the last vestiges of arboreal growth take refuge under a thick carpet of lichens and mosses, the characteristic vegetation of the Barren Grounds.

Nothing more dismal than the winter aspect of these wastes can be imagined. The Northern forests are silent enough in winter time, but the silence of the Barren Grounds is far more profound. Even in the depths of midwinter the North-Western bush has voices and is full of animal life. The barking cry of the crows (these birds are the greatest imaginable nuisance to the trapper, whose baits they steal even before his back is turned) is still heard; the snow-birds and other small winged creatures are never quiet between sunset and sunrise; the jack-rabbit, whose black, bead-like eye betrays his presence among the snow-drifts in spite of his snow-white fur, is common enough; and the childlike wailing of the coyotes is heard every night. But, with the exception of the shriek of the snow-owl or the yelping of a fox emerged from his lair, there is no sound of life during seven or eight or nine months of winter on the Barren Grounds; unless the traveller is able to hear the rushing sound — some can hear it, others cannot — of the shifting Northern lights.

In May, however, when the snow melts and the swamps begin to thaw, the Barren Grounds become full of life. To begin with, the sky is literally darkened with enormous flights of wild-fowl, whom instinct brings from the southern reaches of the Mississippi and its tributaries to these sub-Arctic wildernesses, where they find an abundance of food, and at the same time build their nests and rear their young in safety. The snow-geese are the first to arrive; next come the common and eider-duck; after them the great northern black-and-red-throated divers; and last of all the pin-tail and the long-tail ducks. Some of these go no further than just beyond the outskirts of the forest region; others, flying further northward, lay their eggs in the open on the moss. Eagles and hawks prey on these migratory hosts; troops of ptarmigan (they are said to go to no place where the mercury does not freeze) seek food among the stunted willows on the shores of the lakes and sloughs; and in sunny weather the snow-bunting's song is heard.

Soon after the arrival of the migratory birds, the wilderness becomes newly clothed in green and gray. The snow, which never once thaws during the long winter, forms a safe protection for vegetable life.

As soon as the lengthening summer's day has thawed this coverlet of snows, vegetation comes on at a surprising rate — a week's sunshine on the wet soil completely transforming the aspect of the country. It is then that the caribou leave their winter-quarters in the forest region and journey to the Barren Grounds.

Just as the prairies might have been called "Buffalo-

land" thirty years ago, and the intervening enforested country may still be styled "Moose-land" — not that the moose is nearly so common in this section as it was before the rebellion of 1885 opened up that country — so from the hunter's point of view "Caribou-land" would be an exceedingly apt name for the *tundra* of Greater Canada. Only the Indians and the Eskimos (the former living on the confines of the forests, and the latter along the far Arctic coasts) visit these territories, and but for the presence of the vast herds of caribou, it is pretty certain that such mosquito-haunted wastes would never be trodden by man. It is true that the musk-ox is an important inhabitant of the wastes, but the numbers of that strange beast, which seems to be half sheep, half ox, are not nearly so great, and there are reasons to believe that it is being slowly but surely driven from its ancient pastures by the caribou, just as, in so many parts of the world, the nations of the antelope have receded before the deer-tribes.

— E. B. Osborn.

From "Greater Canada" by permission of Chatto and Windus.

A SCENE FROM "WILLIAM TELL"

Scene I

(William Tell, Albert, his son, and Gesler with officers. Tell in chains.)

Gesler — What is thy name?

Tell — My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now —

Ges. — Tell! — William Tell?

TELL — The same.
GES. — What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss! Mark! I'll spare thy life —
The boy's too! — both of you are free — on one condition.
TELL — Name it.
GES. — I would see you make a trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
TELL — Name the trial you
Would have me make.
GES. — You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
TELL — Look upon my boy! What mean you?
Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean — no, no —
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
GES. — I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
TELL — Is my boy to hold it?
GES. — No.

TELL — No! I'll send the arrow through the core.
GES. — It is to rest upon his head.
TELL — Great Heaven, you hear him!
GES. — Thou dost hear the choice I give —
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.
TELL — O monster!
GES. — Wilt thou do it?
ALB. — He will! He will!
TELL — Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child –
GES. — Take off
His chains, if he consent.
TELL — With his own hand!
GES. — Does he consent?
ALB. — He does.

(*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains. Tell all the time unconscious what they do.*)

TELL — With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand — this hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
'Tis beyond horror — 'tis most horrible.
Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What's that you've done to me?
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it.
That they should drink my child's. Here! Here!
I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler

ALB. — Father — father!
You will not hit me, father!
TELL — Hit thee! Send
The arrow through thy brain or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye; or, if thine eye escape
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses. Hit thee — hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart.
GES. — Dost thou consent?
TELL — Give me my bow and quiver.
GES. — For what?
TELL — To shoot my boy!
ALB. — No, father — no!
To save me! *You'll* be sure to hit the apple —
Will you not save me, father?
TELL — Lead me forth;
I'll make the trial.
ALB. — Thank you!
TELL — Thank me! Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms
And lay him down a corpse before her!
GES. — Then he dies this moment — and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
TELL — Well, I'll do it. I'll make the trial.
ALB. — Father —
TELL — Speak not to me;
Let me not hear thy voice. Thou must be dumb,
And heaven — unless its thunders muttered at

Statue of William Tell

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it. Give me
My bow and quiver!

GES. — When all's ready.

TELL — Well, lead on!

SCENE II

(Enter, slowly, people in evident distress. Officers, SARNEM, GESLER, TELL, ALBERT, and soldiers, one bearing Tell's bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.)

GES. — That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

TELL — Is the line a true one?

GES. — True or not, what is't to thee?

TELL — What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing — a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at. Never mind.

GES. — Be thankful, slave
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

TELL — I will be thankful, Gesler. Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun!

GES. — And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

TELL — I'd have it at my back — the sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots,
I cannot see to shoot against the sun;
I will not shoot against the sun.

GES. — Give him his way. Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

TELL — I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.
GES. — Stay! Show me the basket — there —
TELL — You've picked the smallest one.
GES. — I know I have.
TELL — Oh! do you? But you see
The color on't is dark — I'd have it light,
To see it better.
GES. — Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.
TELL — True — true — I did not think of that — I wonder.
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple.*)
I will not murder him,
If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
GES. — Well, choose thyself.
TELL — Have I a friend among the lookers-on?
VER. (*rushing forward*) — Here, Tell!
TELL — I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief;
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! The boy! thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?

VER. — Yes.
TELL — How looks he?
VER. — Clear and smilingly;
If you doubt it, look yourself.
TELL — No — no — my friend;
To hear it is enough.
VER. — He bears himself so much above his years.
TELL — I know! I know!
VER. — With constancy so modest —
TELL — I was sure he would.
VER. — And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you.
TELL — Man! man! man!
No more. Already I'm too much the father
To act the man. Verner, no more, my friend.
I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not. Do not mind me. Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees — and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me. —
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him
I'll hit the apple. Verner, do this all
More briefly than I tell it thee.
VER. — Come Albert. (*Leading him out.*)
ALB. — May I not speak with him before I go?
VER. — You must not.
ALB. — I must! I cannot go from him without.
VER. — It is his will you should.

ALB. — His will, is it?
I am content, then — come.
TELL — My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)
ALB. — My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)
TELL — If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go, now,
My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot —
Go, boy — be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee — go — My boy!
(*The bow is handed to him.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him, yet, old servant. No,
I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty.
Thou art staunch — staunch. Let me see my quiver.
GES. — Give him a single arrow.
TELL — Do you shoot?
GES. — I do.
TELL — Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point you see, is bent; the feather jagged.
(*Breaks it.*) That's all the use 'tis fit for.
GES. — Let him have another.
TELL — Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take — 'tis heavy in the shaft;
I'll not shoot it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

GES. — It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

TELL — See if the boy is ready. (*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*)

VER. — He is.

TELL — I'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir — and let me have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. (*To the people.*)

GES. — Go on.

TELL — I will. O friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent.
(*Tell shoots: a shout of exultation burst from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*)

VER. (*crushing in with Albert.*) — Thy boy is safe, no hair of him is touched.

ALB. — Father, I'm safe! Your Albert's safe, dear father, —
Speak to me! Speak to me!

VER. — He cannot, boy.

ALB. — You grant him life?

GES. — I do.

ALB. — And we are free?

GES. — You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

VER. — Open his vest
And give him air.

(*Albert opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eye upon Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*)

TELL—My boy! My boy!

GES.— For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

TELL—To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

—SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

From "William Tell."

DOMINIQUE

You dunno ma leetle boy Dominique?
Never see heem runnin' roun' about de place?
'Cos I want to get advice how to kip heem lookin' nice,
So he won't be alway dirty on de face—

Now dat leetle boy of mine, Dominique,
If you wash heem an' you sen' heem off to school,
But instead of goin' dere, he was playin' fox an' hare —
Can you tell me how to stop de leetle fool?

"I'd tak' dat leetle feller Dominique,
An' I'd put heem on de cellar ev'ry day,
An' for workin' out a cure, bread an' water's very sure,
You can bet he mak' de promise not to play!"

Dat's very well to say, but ma leetle Dominique,
W'en de jacket we put on heem's only new,
An' he's goin' travel roun' on de medder up an'down,
Wit' de strawberry on hees pocket runnin' t'roo,

An' w'en he climb de fence, see de hole upon hees pant,
No wonder hees poor moder's feelin' mad!
So if you ketch heem den, w'at you want to do, ma frien'?
Tell me quickly an' before he get too bad.

"I'd lick your leetle boy Dominique,
I'd lick heem till he's cryin' purty hard,
An' for fear he's gettin' spile, I'd geev' heem castor ile,
An' I wouldn't let heem play outside de yard."

If you see ma leetle boy Dominique
Hangin' on to poor ole "Billy" by de tail,
W'en dat horse is feelin' gay, lak I see heem yesterday,
I s'pose you t'ink he's safer on de jail?

W'en I'm lightin' up de pipe on de evenin' affer work,
An' de powder dat young rascal's puttin' in,
It was makin' such a pouf, nearly blow me t'roo de roof —
W'ats de way you got of showin' 'twas a sin?

"Wall! I put heem on de jail right away,
You may bet de wan is got de beeges' wall!
A honder foot or so, w'ere dey never let heem go,
Non! I wouldn't kip a boy lak dat at all."

Dat's good advice for sure, very good,
On de cellar, bread an' water — it'll do,
De nice sweet castor ile geev' heem ev'ry leetle w'ile,
An' de jail to finish up wit' w'en he's t'roo!

Ah! ma frien', you never see Dominique,
W'en he's lyin' dere asleep upon de bed,

If you do, you say to me, "W'at an angel he mus' be,
An' dere can't be not'ing bad upon hees head."

Many t'ank for your advice, an' it may be good for some,
But de reason you was geev' it isn't very hard to seek —
Yass! it's easy seein' now w'en de talk is over, how
You dunno ma leetle boy Dominique.

— W. H. Drummond.

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THE RESCUE

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickle's men, who had been out all the night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And there it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways and the water-courses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw-pit newly used. However, we trudged along in a line; I first, and the other men after me, trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. Most of all, John Fry was groaning — certain that his time was come, and sending messages to his wife and blessings to his children. For all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large — for I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March, while sowing peas — but that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing, nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering, and some laughter, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

But, behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channelled edges, twirled them round, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile; then let them lie like herring-bones, or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white, and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But although for people who had no sheep the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there, and his business taken from him.

But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shovelling away at the great white pile, and pitching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft cold flux, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked indeed for the lives of us), and all converging towards the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all — or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said, "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself, you pie-crusts!" and upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen; and the least drop of English blood is worth the best of any other when it comes to lasting out.

But before we began again, I laid my head well into the chamber; and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah," coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope, or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was — to wit, the most valiant of all the wethers, who had met me when I came home from London, and been so glad to see me. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting Tom jumped up at once, and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place, and looked for something to nibble at.

Further in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep packed, as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor, and breath, and the moisture exuding from their wool, had scooped, as it were, a covered room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge. Two or three of the weaklier hoggets were dead from want of air, and from pressure; but more than threescore were as lively as ever, though cramped and stiff for a little while.

"However shall us get 'em home?" John Fry asked, in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of them; which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment, and the sheep came rubbing round us. "Let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they be. Watch! here, boy, keep them."

Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty; and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow antre. All the sheep sidled away, and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine; whereas no good sheep-dog even so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm, and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper sheppey, and set them inside, and fastened them. Sixty-and-six I took

home in that way, two at a time on each journey; and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them: I was resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements; and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me, as the struggle grew harder; but rather would I die than yield; and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day; but none can tell what the labor was who have not felt that snow and wind.

From "Lorna Doone." —R. D. Blackmore.

THE ROMANCE OF MARQUIS WHEAT

Chapter I

About seventy years ago there lived in the township of Otonabee, not far from the city of Peterborough, a farmer named David Fife. Like all good farmers he was anxious to produce better crops, and he thought that by trying new kinds of seed he might find a better variety of wheat than he and his neighbors were growing. So he wrote to a friend in the city of Glasgow and asked him to send out some samples of the different kinds of wheat that were being brought in from Europe.

It happened that when his friend received this letter, a shipload of wheat had just arrived from Danzig, a city on the Baltic Sea; and he decided to send out a small quantity of seed from this cargo. When Farmer Fife received this wheat, he was puzzled to know what to do, for he was not sure whether it was fall wheat or spring wheat. However, he decided to plant a part of it that spring and see what

would happen. But, as ill-luck would have it, it turned out to be fall wheat, and, of course, it did not ripen.

There was, however, among the wheat that he sowed, a single kernel of spring wheat, which came from no one knew where; and from this single grain or kernel there grew three heads of wheat, which ripened and produced a small handful of kernels of hard red grain. Farmer Fife saved them and planted them next spring. This time fortune seemed to be on his side; for, while all the rest of the crop was badly rusted, the wheat in this little plot was quite free from rust.

He kept on planting it from year to year, until there was enough of the new wheat to grind and make into flour. Then came the real test; for, if wheat does not produce good flour which will in turn make good bread, it is not worth growing. But the new wheat stood the test. Both the flour and the bread were excellent, and it proved, besides, to have many other good qualities.

Before long Farmer Fife was able to sell seed wheat to his neighbors; and within a few years Red Fife, as it came to be called, was in constant demand. Within twenty or thirty years from the time when the first kernel was sown, Red Fife was grown far and wide in the great plains of the West, and for nearly half a century it held its place as the finest spring wheat in the markets of the world.

But in spite of its great success, the origin of Red Fife was still a mystery. Where did that single kernel of spring wheat come from in the first place? No one knew, and the mystery was not solved for nearly seventy years. Then it was discovered that in Galicia in Russia, three hundred

miles from the sea-coast, a variety of wheat was grown which was exactly the same as Red Fife. It was a long journey from Galicia to Danzig, from Danzig to Glasgow, and from Glasgow to the pioneer farm in the township of Otonabee; but the single kernel of Red Fife, or Galician, wheat had travelled all that way by land and sea to find a new home and establish a new family in the great prairies of the new world.

Chapter II

The second chapter of our romance opens in the Canadian West, in the wheat-fields of the northern prairies where Red Fife was grown. It is the latter part of August. The harvest is ripening, and the panorama of golden wheat-fields is a glorious sight—one of the most glorious in the world. In another ten days the wheat will be ripe—just another ten days! It is so very short a time, but the wheat is not yet ready; and before it can be cut there comes a blighting frost. In a single night the wheat crop is ruined, and the whole year's labor is lost. On farm after farm the wheat is frozen and is left to stand in the fields uncut. Red Fife is an excellent wheat, but the harvest has come just ten days too late, and in the years of early frosts ten days means everything.

When the frost ruined their crops, the farmers grumbled —and who could blame them? "If it were only possible," they said, "to find a wheat as good as Red Fife in other ways, that would ripen just a little earlier!"

In the city of Ottawa there was a man who set himself to work to try to solve this problem. He was Dr. William

Saunders, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farm. Dr. Saunders gathered samples of wheat from different parts of the world and grew them in a number of small plots side by side with Red Fife, so that he might be able to compare the different varieties. He found that there were many different kinds of wheat that ripened early, but they did not make good flour, and, of course, they could not take the place of Red Fife. But supposing some of these early wheats were crossed with Red Fife, what would happen?

In a large family of boys and girls there are always differences in the children, and sometimes one of the children has all the good qualities of both his father and his mother, and none of their defects. It was a wheat child such as this that Dr. Saunders wished to find; so he began to "cross" Red Fife with different kinds of early wheat, in the hope of finding it.

When two varieties of wheat are crossed, there is a large family of new plants no two of which are alike; and where a great many crosses are made, it takes a long time to try out all the different varieties that are produced in this way.

Dr. Saunders and his assistants carried out tests during several years, and from the families which had resulted from cross-breeding, he selected the most promising varieties. But with each succeeding year he had to give an increasing amount of time to other duties, and in the course of a few years he was forced to discontinue his experiments. Year after year, however, the different wheats that had been produced by cross-breeding were sown in plots, in the hope that sooner or later some one might be able to continue the work.

Chapter III

The third chapter of our romance opens in Ottawa in the year 1903, when Dr. Charles Saunders, a son of Dr. William Saunders, was appointed to carry on the work of wheat-breeding at the Dominion Experimental Farm. Dr. Charles Saunders was a skilled scientist, but for some years he had devoted most of his time to music. When he came to Ottawa, his first task was to examine all the varieties of wheat that had resulted from previous "crossing," and to select those which were best. In making this selection he had to observe, in the case of each variety, whether it ripened early or late, whether the stalks were short or long, whether the yield of wheat was large or small, whether it was free from rust, whether the wheat was likely to shell too easily, whether it produced a large percentage of flour, whether the flour was white or yellow in color, and whether it had gluten enough to form bread of a good quality.

One of the kinds of wheat which had been "crossed" with Red Fife was an early-ripening variety from India, called Hard Red Calcutta; and it was one of the children of this family that Dr. Charles Saunders finally selected as the best. From the plot containing this variety the best plant was chosen, and in the year 1904, the best seeds from this plant, only twelve seeds in all, were sown. When harvest time came, it was found that the new wheat ripened nearly a week earlier than Red Fife; and when enough of it was grown to test it, it proved to be even better than Dr. Saunders had expected. It had a much larger yield than Red Fife, and at the same time it produced much better flour and bread.

The Epilogue

At the close of a romance there is often what is called an Epilogue—a very short chapter which tells what happened in later years. The Epilogue to this romance would tell of the great wheat-fields of the West, in which, before the Great War, the new and better wheat known as Marquis came to be grown. It would tell, too, of the great shiploads of Marquis wheat that crossed the ocean to feed the soldiers—the finest wheat in the world. And for the years after the war, it would give a picture of miles upon miles of ripening wheat, and elevators choked to overflowing with golden grain. In a single year there have been grown in the Canadian West more than four hundred million bushels of Marquis wheat!

When Farmer Fife planted the seed wheat, nearly a hundred years ago, he little dreamed that from a single kernel there should spring the overflowing harvests that have helped to fill the granaries of the world.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." —O. J. Stevenson.

TO A SPARROW

Ha! there you are. You do not seem to know,
  Or if you know it, do not seem to care
  How cold the wind is, or the earth how bare,
But keep on scratching, scratching, heel and toe.
You must find something that is good below
  The dead leaves and the grass, to keep you there.

Ho! coming out, and singing, I declare!
And all the earth is bare, and cold winds blow.

O little friend, you are about—so long,
And just about—yes, just about—so high.
Oh! with a trust like yours in heart so true,
And with the faith you have, so great and strong,
Were you as big—nay, half as big—as I,
What wondrous things were possible for you!

—John P. Sjolander.

"CANADIANS—CANADIANS—THAT'S ALL!"

(April 22, 1915)

The night of April twenty-second was probably the most momentous time of the six days and nights of fighting. Then the Germans concentrated on the Yser Canal, over which there was but one bridge, a murderous barrage fire which would have effectively hindered the bringing up of reinforcements or guns, even had we had any in reserve.

During the early stages of the battle, the enemy had succeeded to a considerable degree in turning the Canadian left wing. There was a large open gap at this point, where the French Colonial troops had stood until the gas came over. Towards this sector the Germans rushed rank after rank of infantry, backed by guns and heavy artillery. To the far distant left were our British comrades. They were completely blocked by the German advance. They were like rats in a trap and could not move.

At the start of the battle, the Canadian lines ran from the village of Langemarck over to St. Julien, a distance of approximately three to four miles. From St. Julien to the sector where the Imperial British had joined the Turcos was a distance of probably two miles.

These two miles had to be covered, and covered quickly. We had to save the British extreme right wing, and we had to close the gap. There was no question about it. It was our job. On the night of April the twenty-second we commenced to put this into effect. We were still holding our original position with the handful of men who were in reserves, all of whom had been included in the original grand total of twelve thousand. We had to spread out across the gap of two miles and link up the British right wing. Doing this was no easy task. Our company was out first, and we were told to get into field-skirmishing order. We lined up in the pitchy darkness at five paces apart, but no sooner had we reached this than a whispered order passed from man to man: "Another pace, lads, just another pace." This order came again and yet again. Before we were through and ready for the command to advance, we were at least twice five paces each man from his nearest comrade.

Then it was that our captain told us bluntly that we were obviously outnumbered by the Germans, ten to one. Then he told us that, practically speaking, we had scarcely the ghost of a chance, but that a bluff might succeed. He told us to "swing the lead over them." This we did by yelling, hooting, shouting, clamoring, until it seemed, and the enemy believed, that we were ten to their one.

The ruse succeeded. At daybreak, when we rested, we found that we had driven the enemy back almost to his original position. All night long we had been fighting with our backs to our comrades who were in the front trenches. The enemy had got behind us, and we had had to face about in what served for trenches. By dawn we had him back again in his original position, and we were facing in the old direction. By dawn we had almost, though not quite, forced a junction with the British right.

The night of April the twenty-second is one that I can never forget. It was frightful, yes. Yet there was a grandeur in the appalling intensity of living, in the appalling intensity of death as it surrounded us. The German shells rose and burst behind us. They made the Yser Canal a stream of molten glory. Shells fell in the city and split the darkness of the heavens in the early night hours. Later, the moon rose in the splendor of springtime. Straight behind the tower of the great cathedral it rose and shone down on a bloody earth.

Suddenly the grand old Cloth Hall burst into flames. The spikes of fire rose and fell and rose again. Showers of sparks went upward. A pall of smoke would form and cloud the moon, waver, break, and pass. There was the mutter and rumble and roar of great guns. It was glorious. It was terrible. It was inspiring. Through an inferno of destruction and death we lived because we must.

Perhaps our greatest reward came when on April twenty-sixth the English troops reached us. We had been completely cut off by the enemy barrage from all communication with other sectors of the line. Still, through the

wounded gone back, word of our stand had drifted out. The English boys fought and force-marched and fought again their terrible way through the barrage to our aid, and when they arrived, weary and worn and torn, cutting their bloody way to us, they cheered themselves hoarse; cheered as they marched along, cheered and gripped our hands as they got within touch of us. Yell after yell went upward, and stirring words woke the echoes. The boys of the Old Country paid their greatest tribute to us of the New as they cried: "Canadians—Canadians—that's all!"

—Harold R. Peat.

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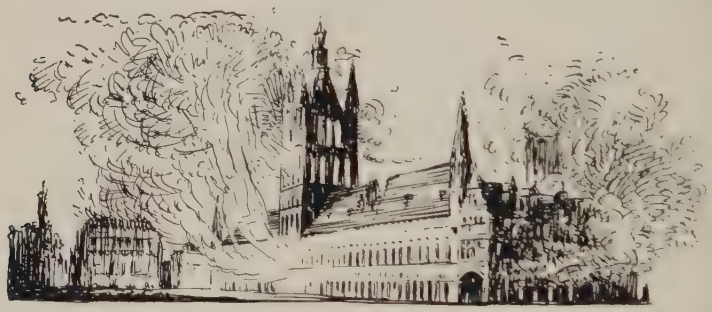


IN THE HALL OF CEDRIC THE SAXON

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table, formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartments from the sky excepting the planking and thatch. There was a huge

fireplace at either end of the hall, but as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapor which this occasioned had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase; and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the daïs, was occupied only by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction. For this purpose a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables which, arranged on the same principles, may be still seen in the antique colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the daïs; and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station

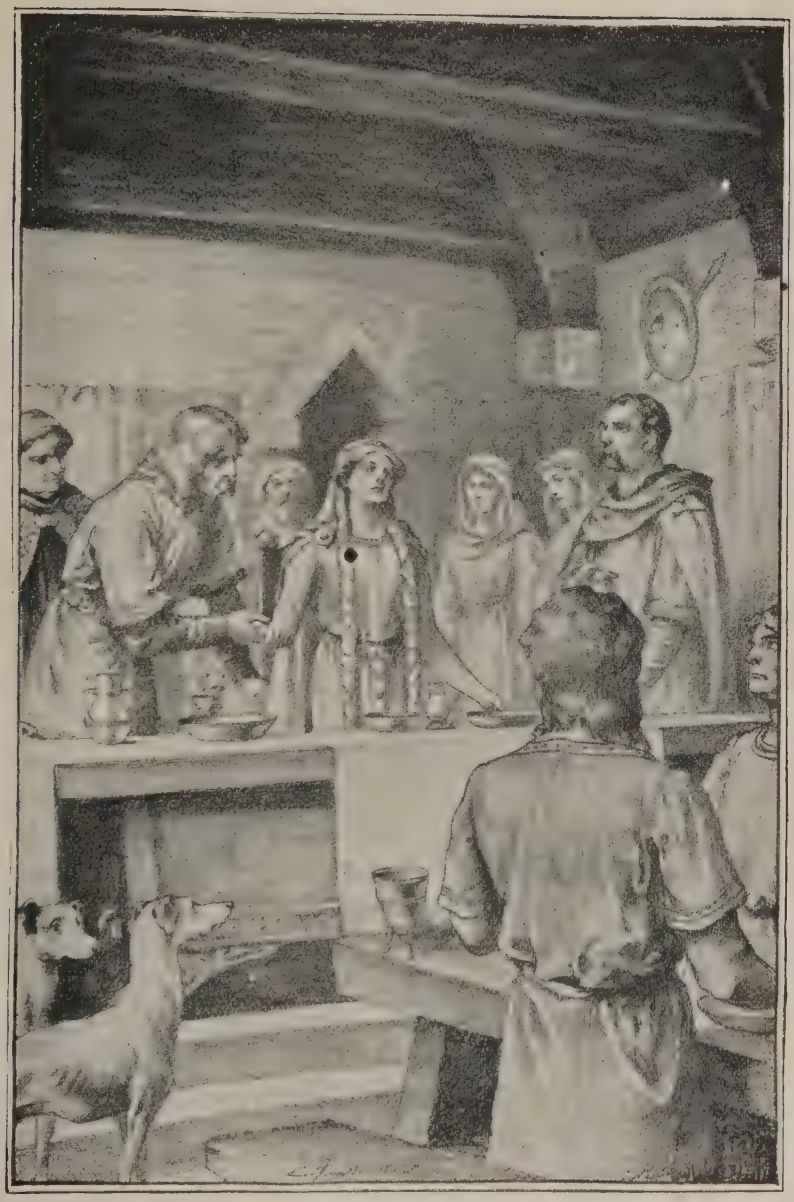
from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the daïs extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry or embroidery, executed with brilliant, or rather gaudy, coloring. Over the lower range of table, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the centre of the upper table were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon title of honor, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with what was called minever, a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and formed, it is believed, of the skin of the gray squirrel. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet, which sat tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had sandals of the same fashion with the peasants, but of finer materials, and secured in the front with golden



CEDRIC AND ROWENA

clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly-studded belt, in which was stuck a short, straight, two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opulent landholder when he chose to go forth. A short boar-spear, with a broad and bright steel head, also reclined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purpose of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

Several domestics, whose dress held various proportions betwixt the richness of their master's and the coarse and simple attire of Gurth the swineherd, watched the looks and waited the commands of the Saxon dignitary. Two or three servants of a superior order stood behind their master upon the daïs; the rest occupied the lower part of the hall. Other attendants there were of a different description: two or three large greyhounds, such as were then employed in hunting the stag and wolf; as many slow-hounds of a large, bony breed, with thick necks, large heads, and long ears; and one or two of the smaller dogs, now called terriers, which waited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the moody silence of their master, apprehensive, probably, of a small white truncheon which lay by Cedric's trencher, for the purpose of repelling the advances of his four-legged dependants.

Cedric knit his brows, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground; as he raised them, the folding doors at the bottom of the hall were cast wide, and, preceded by the major-domo with his wand and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment.

The Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope curiously embroidered.

Besides the massive golden signet ring which marked his ecclesiastical dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon, were loaded with precious gems; his sandals were of the finest leather which was imported from Spain; his beard trimmed to as small dimensions as his order would possibly permit, and his shaven crown concealed by a scarlet cap richly embroidered.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed; and, though less studiously bedecked with ornament, his dress was rich, and his appearance far more commanding than that of his companion. He had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer invested his brows, which were shaded only by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of unresisted authority.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. It was in shape something like the cloak of a modern hussar, having similar flaps for covering the arms, and was called a *Sclaveyn* or *Sclavonian*. Coarse sandals, bound with thongs, on his bare feet; a broad and shadowy hat, with cockle-shells stitched on its brim, and a long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm, completed the palmer's attire. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and observing that the lower table scarce afforded room sufficient for the domestics of Cedric and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until

the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the hospitality of the steward should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

Cedric rose to receive his guests with an air of dignified hospitality, and descending from the daïs, or elevated part of his hall, made three steps towards them, and then awaited their approach. After exchanging greetings with them, he motioned with his hand to two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

The feast which was then spread needed no apologies from the lord of the mansion. Swine's flesh, dressed in several modes, appeared on the lower part of the board, as also that of fowls, deer, goats, and hares, and various kinds of fish, together with huge loaves and cakes of bread and sundry confections made of fruits and honey. The smaller parts of wild-fowl, of which there was abundance, were not served up in platters, but brought in upon small wooden spits or broaches, and offered, by the pages and domestics who bore them, to each guest in succession, who cut from them such a portion as he pleased. Beside each person of rank was placed a goblet of silver; the lower board was accommodated with large drinking-horns.

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud, "Forbear! — Place for the Lady Rowena." A side door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in pub-

lic on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board.

From "Ivanhoe." — Sir Walter Scott.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,

And all the trees on all the hills
  Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
  On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his lonely eyrie
  Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
  Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums.
  Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
  With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
  Where lights like glories fall,

And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor —
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave, —

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again — O wondrous thought! —
Before the judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God?

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!

Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

— Cecil Frances Alexander.

HENRY HUDSON

In the year 1551 a number of London merchants formed themselves into a company for the purpose of trading with Russia, Turkey, and other places. This company was called the "Company of Merchant Adventurers," but was commonly known as the "Muscovy Company." In 1600 another company was formed to trade with the East, and especially with India; this was the since famous "East India Company." Although the primary purpose of these companies was trade, yet it is to their honor that they had before them another object — that of increasing the power and wealth of England by undertaking voyages of discovery, mainly for the purpose of opening up new trade routes. In pursuing this object, they both early directed their attention to endeavoring to find out a new route to India and the East by the north-east or the north-west. Thus, under the auspices of these London merchants, English Arctic exploration was first begun.

Nothing was known at that time of the immense barriers of impenetrable ice which everywhere guard the approaches to the Pole — that is, to sailing ships such as these ancient

mariners possessed. It is not so surprising, therefore, that these worthy merchants of 1607 should not see any very great difficulty in sailing across the Polar Sea into the North Pacific.

An expedition was fitted out for this purpose by the Muscovy Company, and placed under the command of a tried and skilful seaman who had been long in the service of the Company. This commander was Henry Hudson. It is unfortunate that we know little of him except during the last few years of his life; all we do know is that he was a citizen of London, where he had a wife and family. We do not even know the year he was born, but it is probable that when he sailed on his first Arctic voyage he would be between forty and fifty years of age.

Hudson's ship was a little vessel of eighty tons, called the *Hopewell*, with a crew of ten men and a boy. The vessel sailed from Gravesend on the 1st of May, 1607, and the first land sighted was a part of the east coast of Greenland. Leaving this coast, where, as he says himself, the air was as temperate as that of England, he stood out in a north-easterly direction for Spitzbergen. But when he reached that place, ice, fog, and tempestuous weather, besides the lateness of the season, made him despair of proceeding any farther. Having no stores sufficient to last through a long Arctic winter, he began his return home, and arrived safely in the Thames on the 15th of September.

Next year the Muscovy Company again sent Hudson to the north to seek a passage to China by the north-east. This time his crew consisted of sixteen men. The expedition, however, proved no more fortunate than the first. Time

spent in trading, in order to help pay the expense of the expedition, and the exploration of a river on the mainland of Europe delayed him so long that the end of the season drew near. Finding that he could get no farther without being frozen in, he returned to England.

Although these first two voyages had failed in their object, they were not without result. They led to an extensive whale-fishery in the seas around Spitzbergen, to the great profit of those engaged in the trade. In addition Hudson became known as a bold and enterprising Arctic navigator; and it was this, no doubt, that led to his being employed the next year by the Dutch.

The object of this voyage is not very clear, although in its results it was one of the most important in the history of North America. Hudson set sail early in 1609 in a small vessel called the *Half-Moon*, and steered towards the North Cape, intending, it is supposed, to make the North-East Passage. Soon after rounding the Cape he changed his mind, possibly from the quantity of ice met with, his experience teaching him that it would be useless to persevere. Putting about his vessel, he crossed the Atlantic to Newfoundland and sailed down the coast as far as Chesapeake Bay in Virginia. Returning, on coming to Long Island, he sailed in past Sandy Hook, and entered the beautiful river which bears his name. He explored it as far as where Albany now stands, and to within sight of the Katskill Mountains. On his return to England in the fall of the same year he was not permitted to go to Holland, as the English were at that time extremely jealous of Dutch maritime enterprise and success.

And now comes the last scene in the life of Hudson. Two daring merchants of London had resolved to send out an expedition to make the North-West Passage, for they were confident that such a passage existed. If there was one man more fitted than any other to be successful in the enterprise, it was the well-tried and resolute Henry Hudson, and the command was accordingly intrusted to him. A little vessel of fifty-five tons — about the size of a fishing smack of the present day — called the *Discovery*, was provisioned for six months, and furnished with a crew of twenty-four men, including Hudson's son, who had accompanied his father on all his voyages.

The *Discovery* left the Thames on the 22d of April, 1610, and Hudson made, in the first place, for Iceland. Sailing thence, he doubled Cape Farewell, and entered Davis Strait, where he was baffled by ice and contrary winds. Persevering, however, and sailing through the strait named after him, he came to a cape, which he called Cape Wolstenholme, apparently the north-westerly point of Labrador. At the same time he discovered a cluster of islands to the north-west, the nearest headland to which he called Cape Digges. Turning to the southwards a great sea opened out before him; this sea is the bay which bears the name of the intrepid navigator — Hudson Bay.

The season was now advanced, and Hudson saw that, unless he wintered where he was, he must return at once. He called his crew together and gave them their choice of returning or remaining. He himself wished to remain, so as to be able to resume his explorations in the spring, and he appears to have prevailed on the majority of the crew to

side with him. But this roused a spirit of discontent among the others, which was fostered by the mate and the boatswain. Hudson thought to check this mutinous spirit by severe measures, so he disrated these two officers and put others in their places; but this severity increased the discontent.

Meanwhile Hudson had pressed on southwards, and, after a three months' voyage through a labyrinth of islands and intricate channels, entered a bay in the south-east on the 1st of November. Here the ship was immediately hauled on shore, and a few days later they were frozen in. The provisions brought from England had by this time been used up, but there was no lack of food. The forests surrounding the winter-quarters abounded in partridges, which kept the crew abundantly supplied. But as the winter advanced, these were succeeded by geese, ducks, and other fowls more difficult to catch, and the men were reduced to eat frogs and moss. When spring came and the ice began to break up, large quantities of fish were taken; but this resource also soon failed.

This continued scarcity of provisions added to the discontent already existing among the men, and this was inflamed by a young man named Greene. This Greene was of respectable connections, but his dissolute habits had caused him to be cast off by his family. Hudson, finding him destitute, had befriended him and had taken him to his house. Indeed, as a means of reforming Greene, he had taken him on the voyage in the capacity of clerk.

When the ice was sufficiently broken up, Hudson left his winter-quarters. He divided among the crew the stock of provisions which remained and which was just sufficient

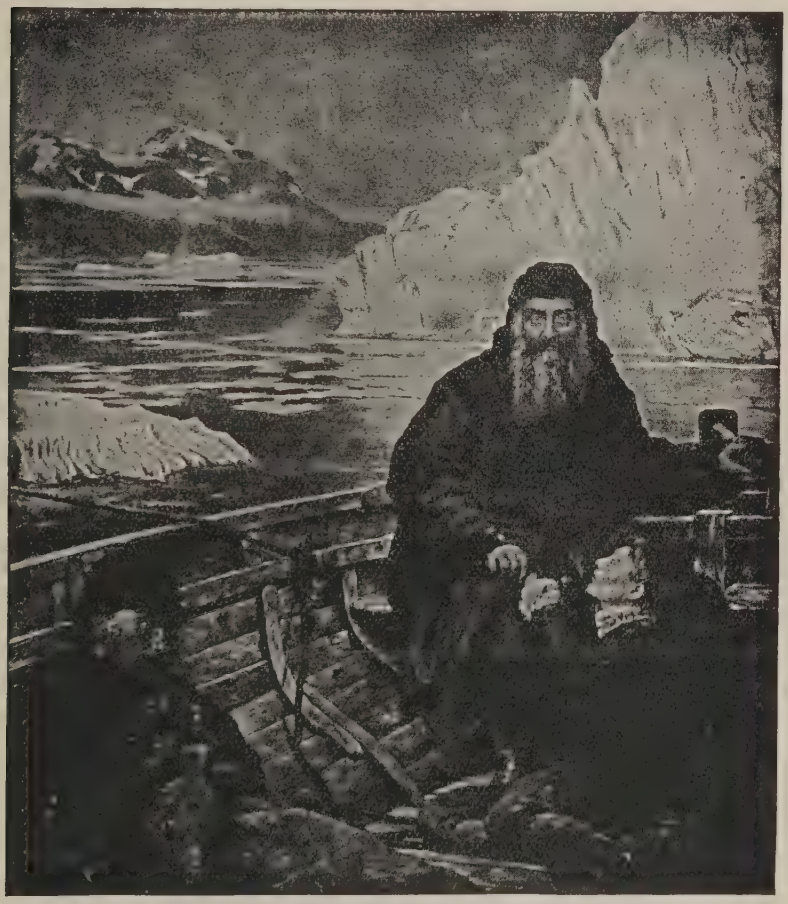
to last for fourteen days. But Greene and the disrated mate and boatswain now formed a despicable plot to get rid of the captain and the sick men, of whom there were three or four, and share their provisions among the remainder. On the morning of the fourth day after sailing the mutiny broke out. As Hudson was coming from his cabin, he was seized by three of the mutineers, and his hands were tied behind him. The carpenter and two other men, hearing the noise, ran on deck and attempted to rescue their captain, but they were soon overpowered.

The shallop was now hauled alongside, and the sick men were forced into her; also the three men who had defended Hudson. The carpenter would have been allowed to remain, but he declared that, rather than live with such a pack of ruffians, he would die with his captain. Hudson's son, and lastly himself, were then hustled into the boat, making nine in all. A fowling-piece, some ammunition, a little meal, and an iron pot were thrown in, and the tow-rope was cut.

The ship stood away, but was presently hove to, to allow the mutineers to ransack the captain's cabin. The men in the boat pulled after the ship with all their might; but the scoundrels on board, when they saw this, quickly got under way again, and left their unfortunate captain and his boat's crew adrift among the floating ice. Such was the fate of poor Henry Hudson; he and his boat's crew were never seen or heard of again.

Swift retribution followed the ringleaders of the mutiny. On reaching Cape Digges Greene, who had made himself captain, and four men went on shore to barter with the

Eskimos for provisions. Owing to some roguery on Greene's part, he and his party were suddenly attacked by the natives



The Last Days of Hudson

and nearly all massacred. Only one man escaped, the four killed being, as it happened, the principal mutineers. The survivors, now reduced to desperate extremities, endeavored

to shape their course for Ireland. When at last they dropped anchor at Beerhaven, only five, and these but living skeletons, were left.

Henry Hudson was one of the pioneers of Arctic exploration, and it was he who made the first deliberate attempt to reach the North Pole. He failed in his various attempts because nature conquered him; but he was one of England's hardiest mariners, and if it were only for the discovery of the river and the bay which bear his name, he would always be famous.

—*Abridged from* GREAT EXPLORERS.

By permission of A. & C. Black.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL

Bless the Lord, O my soul:
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness
And judgment for all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins;
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;
To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength,
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion:
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

—The Bible: *Psalm 103.*

THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT

In April, 1660, a young officer named Daulac, commandant of the garrison at Montreal, asked leave of Maisonneuve, the governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the Iroquois. His plan was bold to desperation. It was known that Iroquois warriors, in great numbers, had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac proposed to waylay them on their descent of the river, and fight them without regard to disparity of force; and Maisonneuve, judging that a display of enterprise and boldness might act as a check on the audacity of the enemy, at last gave his consent.

Adam Daulac was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military command in France, though in what rank does not appear. He had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and, having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed, and received the sacraments.

After a solemn farewell they embarked in several canoes,

well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoe-men, and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of Ste. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were successful, and, entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains and slowly advanced against the current.

About the first of May they reached the foot of the formidable rapid called the Long Sault, where a tumult of water, foaming among ledges and boulders, barred the onward way. It was needless to go farther. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Sault, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forests sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of a rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past autumn. It was a mere enclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already in ruins. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it. They made their fires and slung their kettles, on the neighboring shore; and here they were soon joined by forty Hurons and four Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning, noon, and night, they prayed in three different tongues; and when at sunset the long reach of forest on the farther shore basked peacefully in the level rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Sault. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a

point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. Canoes, bearing five Iroquois, approached, and were met by a volley fired with such precipitation that one or more of them escaped, fled into the forest, and told their mischance to their main body, two hundred in number, on the river above. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to their fort, leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty attack, and were quickly repulsed. They next opened a parley, hoping, no doubt, to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighboring forest.

This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defences. Being provided with tools, they planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence, and filled the intervening space with earth and stones to the height of a man, leaving some twenty loopholes, at each of which three marksmen were stationed. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled, and at last gave way. They came on again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas.

This dashed the spirits of the Iroquois, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors,

who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. These were the allies whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. It was maddening to see their grand project thwarted by a few French and Indians ensconced in a paltry redoubt, scarcely better than a cattle-pen, but they were forced to digest the affront as best they might.

Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a spattering fire and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst, and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn, or "hominy," which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois, and fighting on their side. These renegades now tried to seduce their countrymen in the fort. Half dead with thirst and famine, they took the bait, and one, two, or three at a time, climbed the palisade and ran over to the enemy, amid the hootings and execrations of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm; and when he saw his nephew join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who

had no mercy to hope for, stood fast, with the courage of despair.

On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from seven hundred savage throats, mingled with a clattering salute of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reënforcement had come; and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. Knowing from the Huron deserters the weakness of their enemy, they had no doubt of an easy victory. They advanced cautiously, as was usual with the Iroquois before their blood was up, screeching, leaping from side to side, and firing as they came on; but the French were at their posts, and every loophole darted its tongue of fire. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigor of the defence, fell back discomfited. The fire of the French, who were themselves completely under cover, had told upon them with deadly effect. Three days more wore away in a series of futile attacks, made with little concert or vigor; and during all this time Daulac and his men, reeling with exhaustion, fought and prayed as before, sure of a martyr's reward.

The uncertain temper common to all Indians now began to declare itself. Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought, and declared that it would be an eternal disgrace to lose so many men, at the hands of so paltry an enemy, and yet fail to take revenge. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields, four or five feet high, were made by lashing together with the aid

of cross-bars three split logs. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by the motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire, they reached the palisade, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen, and exploded, killing or wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loopholes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more they had torn a breach in the palisade; but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen, till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley, and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

Searching the pile of corpses, the victors found four Frenchmen still breathing. Three had scarcely a spark of life, and, as no time was to be lost, they burned them on the spot. The fourth, less fortunate, seemed likely to

survive, and they reserved him for future torments. As for the Huron deserters, their cowardice profited them little. The Iroquois, regardless of their promises, fell upon them, burned some at once, and carried the rest to their villages for a similar fate. Five of the number had the good fortune to escape, and it was from them, aided by admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French of Canada derived all their knowledge of this glorious disaster.

To the colony it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed, to howl over their losses, and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance.

— Francis Parkman.

SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlet from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose

Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark! the voice of England wakes him as of old
And shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men —
Doublets of the Lincoln Green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day —

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter, and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! all his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

— Alfred Noyes.

By permission of the Author.

THE WRESTLING MATCH

Flourish. *Enter* Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, *and* Attendants

Duke Frederick. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his frowardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando Overthrows Charles

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle*

Rosalind. O excellent young man!

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.* CHARLES *is thrown*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke Frederick. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orlando. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteemed thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, Train, *and* LE BEAU

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Celia. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Celia. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orlando. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Rosalind. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Celia. Will you go, coz?

Rosalind. Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA

From "As You Like It." —WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TECUMSEH AND THE EAGLES

I

Tecumseh of the Shawnees
He dreamed a noble dream, —

A league to hold their freedom old
And make their peace supreme.
He drew the tribes together
And bound them to maintain
Their sacred pact to stand and act
For common good and gain.

II

The eagles taught Tecumseh
The secret of their clan, —
A way to keep o'er plain and steep
The liberty of man.
The champions of freedom
They may not weary soon,
Nor lay aside in foolish pride
The vigilance of noon.

Those teachers of Tecumseh
Were up to meet the dawn,
To scan the light and hold the height
Till the last light was gone.
Like specks upon the azure,
Their guards patrolled the sky,
To mount and plane and soar again
And give the warning cry.

They watched for lurking perils,
The death that skulks and crawls
To take by stealth their only wealth
On wind-swept mountain walls.
They did not trust the shadows
That sleep upon the hill;

Where menace hid, where cunning slid,
They struck — and struck to kill.

Through lonely space unmeasured
They laid their sentry rings,
Till every brood in eyrie rude
Was shadowed by their wings.
Tecumseh watched the eagles
In summer o'er the plain,
And learned their cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!"

III

The vision of Tecumseh,
It could not long endure;
He lacked the might to back the right
And make his purpose sure.
Tecumseh and his people
Are gone; they could not hold
Their league for good; their brotherhood
Is but a tale that's told.

IV

The eagles of Tecumseh
Still hold their lofty flight,
And guard their own on outposts lone
Across the fields of light.
They hold their valiant instinct
And know their right of birth,
They do not cede their pride of breed
For things of little worth.

They see on earth below them,
Where time is but a breath,
Another race brought face to face
With liberty or death.
Above a thousand cities
A new day is unfurled,
And still on high those watchers cry
Their challenge to the world.

Where patriots are marching
And battle flags are borne,
To South and North their cry goes forth
To rally and to warn.
From border unto border,
They wheel and cry again
That master cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!"

— Bliss Carman.

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HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

When I opened my eyes again, the snow was no longer falling; everything was bathed in moonlight, so cold and so quiet, and so wonderfully beautiful. It was scarcely five o'clock, nearly two hours before the dawn, and for an hour I waited impatiently, only too anxious to be out on my favorite leads watching for caribou. Then no longer able to wait, I got up while the woods were still bathed in the mysterious moonlight. A fire was soon started, and in the still air the smoke and sparks rose without curve or flicker,

a column of red and blue, like a ghost against the background of frosted trees.

The snowfall had been light and had been followed by a keen frost which coated every twig and leaf. How can anyone describe such a morning! No words, however well chosen, can give even a suggestion of the beauty of it all! The curious stillness in itself was indescribable. Nothing disturbed it, but the cheerful crackling of the fire, and the scarcely perceptible purr of the floating ice as it brushed against the overhanging branches on the river bank.

Amid such surroundings, my simple breakfast was eaten entirely alone, as my friend and companion, the Canada jay, was not yet awake. I missed the confiding bird, for he usually shared my porridge with me each morning. Sitting on the log by my side, he would look up into my face with his large dark eyes, and with a soft murmuring note beg for his share. I never got tired of watching him and his ceaseless energy. He would eat very little, but spoonful after spoonful would be carried away and hidden most carefully in the trees, behind the curling bark of the large birches, in knot-holes, and in cracks, so that his storehouse was in every tree that surrounded my camp.

Well did he know what the winter meant, the long, cold months when all would be covered with snow. No berries would then be found, for beneath the snow, they were being preserved for the early spring supply. Life for many months would be dependent on the carefully-arranged stores, placed well above the snow level. And so my little companion continued each day to lay up his stock of winter food, nothing too small to escape his searching eyes; and

anything I wished to keep had to be well hidden, for during the day, while I was away from camp, the jays from all the neighborhood met and cleared camp for me, leaving no trace of food exposed.

At the first gleam of day, my canoe was in the water, after the ice near the bank had been thoroughly broken; and I was soon floating noiselessly on the smooth, dark water. Beautiful crystal snow-flowers had formed on the ice, which in some places was moving slowly with the current. The banks of the river were entirely covered with frost and snow-coated trees and grass, so that the whole country looked almost like a perfect fairy-land, and one almost expected to see gauze-winged elves peeping from behind the glistening trees.

Indeed, it was not long before a slight crackling among the bushes announced the approach of some living things, not fairies, but beautiful silvery caribou, fifteen or twenty of them; snow-white fawns whose dark eyes alone stood out clearly from the pearly background; large does, white and gray; and a white-necked stag whose orange-colored antlers broke the sparkling ice from surrounding bushes. The little herd stood for a moment on the bank, examining the strange dark object which floated so quietly down stream. The commanding doe decided that it was not dangerous and gave the order for advance; immediately the ice which skirted the bank was being rudely broken by the animals, as they entered the river and swam silently across scarcely a hundred yards from me.

After the small herd had passed, it was some time before anything exciting occurred. The rising sun was slowly

melting the frost and light snow, so that every minute reduced my chance of securing a picture of the animals in ideal surroundings. I pictured to myself a splendid stag standing on the glistening carpet. How beautiful he would be and how his richly colored horns would stand out from the pale background! While I was thus engaged in arranging each detail to my satisfaction, a young stag actually appeared, so quietly that he seemed almost a reflection of my thoughts. True, my plans called for a big stag with a record head, while this approaching animal was a small one with insignificant horns. Still it was a stag, and he was evidently coming near enough to be photographed. So I accepted gratefully what the gods offered, and as the stag came within range, I shot him with the harmless camera.

Animal after animal passed, some good stags among them, and they were within fifteen or twenty yards, while the camera was focussed for nine yards, and unless any of the animals came within that range, I should be unable to get a picture. At last a rather small stag with about thirty-point horns came along the lead which was directly in front of me. Closer and closer he came, and I watched the ground-glass intently as, from a dim blur of gray, he gradually took shape, becoming more and more clear and defined. He was rapidly filling the plate. At the moment that he showed sharply in focus he exactly covered the plate, and I pressed the button. He was scarcely nine yards away. Never have I seen a more thoroughly startled animal. In the stillness of the morning, the sound of the shutter was alarmingly loud, and the stag apparently believed himself shot. He nearly tumbled over, as he jumped clear of the trail.

An hour or so passed before my next visitors appeared; a doe and a fawn this time — the finest pair I have ever seen. Many of the does are heavy, square-built, and lacking grace of form. But this doe was nearly as finely built as a wapiti, and the fawn was a picture of grace and beauty, a perfect harmony of soft gray tones. They approached slowly, and when within about sixteen yards I gave a snort to stop them, and as they stood still I secured the photograph.

This was evidently one of the lucky days, at least so far as numbers went. Over two hundred and fifty caribou had passed, and many had come unusually near. Perhaps even another great big stag would come, like the monster I had photographed once before. What a morning that had been! — when I had realized the hopes of years in securing a sunlit picture of a perfectly typical line of thirteen caribou under the most favorable conditions, showing them on the migration, travelling as they are supposed to do, and at exactly the right angle to the camera. No one can believe how much pleasure the experience had given me. It was what I knew *could* be done, if only one had the luck to be on hand and ready at the proper moment. How many times it had *nearly* happened! But some little detail had each time prevented success. And then had not the immense stag come along while the sun was still shining! How excited I was when I realized that within sixteen or seventeen yards was a real stag with horns carrying full forty-five points! That day was one to be remembered, to be treasured up in the storehouse of happiest moments, the storehouse which is never filled!

— A. R. Dugmore.

LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word):
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up.
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered: "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

Did you ever pause to think what our country would be like if we did not have a settled government interested in the passing of good laws for the benefit of all the people, and officers whose duty it is to see that these laws are obeyed? Let us look for a moment at England as it was eight hundred years ago. A man who was an actual eyewitness of what was then happening tells us that at that time "Every rich man built his castles and defended them against the king, and they filled the land with castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at their castles, and, when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men. They took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable." This is a

very terrible picture and hard to reconcile with the England of to-day. But, even several hundred years later, when two men laid claim to the same piece of property, the ownership was frequently decided by a hand-to-hand combat between the claimants, or by a fight between the friends and followers of each. In fact, for the rich and powerful in those days, as the poet Wordsworth says,

> "the good old rule
> Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Of course, even in the England of eight hundred years ago, there were laws forbidding such cruel deeds as we have just described, but the king was not strong enough to enforce the laws that he had himself made. He was afraid to anger his proud and haughty barons, and allowed them to do very much as they pleased. Consequently, as we have seen, life and property were not safe. Men were forced to go about armed in order to protect themselves. The poor and the weak were at the mercy of their wealthy and powerful neighbors. By slow degrees, a little at a time, all this has been changed. Now, throughout the whole British Empire, we have strong governments who carry out the will of the people. We have laws which are so framed as to be fair and equitable to all, and we have men whose special duty it is to enforce these laws. We have law courts and judges to settle our private disputes. People who break the laws of the land are punished for their disobedience. And what is true in this respect of the British Empire is true, more or less, of all the individual countries of the civilized world to-day.

The Permanent Home of the League of Nations at Geneva

But this is only half the story. While, as a general rule, law and order prevailed within the countries themselves, yet, until recently, in their relations towards one another the nations were little advanced beyond the lawlessness of our ancestors of centuries ago. As there was no common government, or system of law courts, with absolute authority to settle disputes between sovereign countries, each country was a law unto itself. Each feared the ambition and power of the other, and each engaged in a desperate effort to protect itself in case of attack. Not wishing to be caught at a disadvantage, the nations, especially the Great Powers, were constantly increasing their armies and navies. The expense of maintaining these immense armaments became a crushing burden on the people.

Many centuries ago, long before the days of man, huge monsters roamed over the earth. They were much bigger than any animals which we see to-day, and they had great bony scales to protect them from attack. This armor grew heavier and heavier, making it more and more difficult for them to walk about. At length it became so heavy that even these giant beasts were crushed by the weight which they were forced to carry, and finally they disappeared. Thoughtful men began to wonder whether, in the mad rush for more powerful armaments, the same thing might not happen to the nations of the world.

There was, however, an even greater danger in thus turning the world into an armed camp. Ready and prepared for war as the nations were, it needed only some foolish or overt act to set the world ablaze. In the summer of 1914, the spark was applied. A quarrel arose between

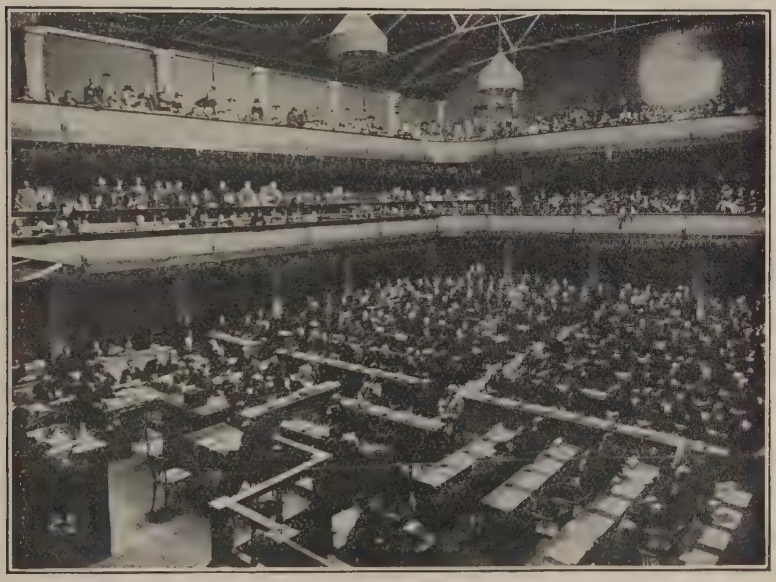
Austria and Serbia; other nations were dragged into the dispute; the Great War was the result. Never was the folly of trying to settle differences between nations by fighting more strikingly illustrated than in the events of that war. The loss in man-power and in money was appalling. There were more men killed during that titanic conflict than there are men, women, and children in the whole of Canada. Two hundred and fifty thousand million dollars was the total cost, a sum so great that the mind cannot grasp its immensity. And the sorrow and the suffering and the untold agony that followed in the wake of the struggle no man can measure.

When, after almost five years of war, peace was concluded, the weary world began to ponder over the unreasonableness of it all. Men and women asked themselves why the nations should not come together and settle their disputes without resort to fighting one another. Why should the methods that worked so successfully in each country not be followed in the wider sphere of the world? Something must be done. And so, with the consent of the countries of the world, or the greater number of them, the League of Nations came into being.

The plan agreed upon is very simple. Once a year, on the first Monday in every September, representatives of the nations composing the League meet at Geneva, in Switzerland, in a great gathering known as the Assembly of the League of Nations. They come from all parts of the earth. All the principal races, white, yellow, and black, are there, and they speak all the languages of the world. The Assembly would be like the city of Babel, were it not that there are a

number of clever interpreters to translate the various tongues. Matters of dispute brought before the Assembly are carefully considered, and a decision is reached. This decision is binding upon all the nations who are members of the League.

The Assembly meets once a year. It cannot well meet oftener, as some of its members have to travel for weeks



A Meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations

to reach Geneva. But disputes between countries do not arise only once a year, and in September. They may come at any time and may be so violent as to lead to war before the Assembly could be summoned. Therefore, there is a smaller body, known as the Council of the League of Nations, composed of about a dozen representatives of as

many countries, which meets in March, in June, in August, and in December. In addition, the Council may be called together at any time on very short notice. In 1921, war broke out in the Balkans—just where the Great War began—and in a very few days the Council had met and restored peace. Several times since then, war has in this way been prevented.

But certain differences may arise between nations which cannot well be considered either by the Assembly or by the Council of the League. These are cases involving important points of law, which can be dealt with only by men trained in the law. To provide for the settlement of questions such as these, the Assembly has established an International Law Court, composed of impartial judges, which sits at the Hague, the capital of Holland. This court has already given its verdict in a number of cases submitted by members of the League.

Now that the world has in the League a means by which quarrels between nations may be settled without fighting, we naturally ask if there is any longer the necessity for the large armies and navies kept up by the nations. This is one of the greatest problems before the League. It is not so easy to persuade the nations to give up their armaments, dangerous though these are to the peace of the world. But progress is being made. Indeed, some countries have already begun to reduce the size of their armies and navies, and their action may lead others to follow their example. The League is making every effort in its power to induce the nations to come to an agreement which will be fair to all.

While the main object of the League is to prevent unnecessary war between nations, yet this is by no means the whole of its services to mankind. One important work which it has in hand is the control of disease. In some of the crowded countries of Europe and Asia disease is much more common than it is with us in Canada, and much more dangerous. Our own government is very active in preventing the spread of disease, but all governments are not so wise. In Eastern Europe, at the close of the Great War, an outbreak of typhus fever was allowed to remain unchecked. It spread, until in Poland alone the people were dying at the rate of three hundred thousand a year. The whole of Europe was threatened with a sweeping epidemic, which might easily have carried off more people than were killed in the war just then brought to a close. It was an anxious moment, but the League was ready to take charge. It induced a number of the neighboring nations to work together on a well-organized plan, and the plague was soon stamped out.

Another instance may be given of the great work for humanity being done by the League. Nearly four years after the close of the Great War, Greece and Turkey were still fighting. The Turks defeated the Greeks in Asia Minor, and, as the victorious army drove the Greek soldiers towards the sea, they swept before them a horde of Greeks, men, women, and children, who had their homes in that district. These fugitives numbered nearly three-quarters of a million. Their own country could not help them, as her army was defeated and in headlong flight. It seemed as if they all would perish. The aid of the League of

Nations was sought on behalf of the miserable refugees. Capable officials were at once sent to Asia Minor. Ships were hired, food was bought, and all these people were fed and carried back in safety to their mother-country. But they were still in need of assistance. Cruelly driven from their homes, they had no means of earning a livelihood. Greece did her utmost to help them, but the country is poor, and the problem of caring for the great throng of helpless people was too much for her. Through the League a large sum of money was raised by way of a loan, and used to assist the refugees in beginning their lives over again among their own people.

It would take a long time to tell the story of all that the League of Nations has already accomplished and all that it hopes to do in the future. Enough has been said to make us thankful that there is such a League, and that we have it in our power to help along the glorious work that it has undertaken.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when each nation could live separate and apart, regardless of what was taking place in the rest of the world. But this is no longer true. For instance, if Europe, exhausted by war, has not the money to pay for our wheat, we must in turn suffer. The nations are beginning to realize that on the happiness and prosperity of each country depend the happiness and prosperity of the world as a whole. The importance of the League lies chiefly in the fact that it provides a means for the nations to work together in harmony for the best interests of all.

We must not think, however, that because there is a

League of Nations the world will at once become a better and a happier home for man. A real beginning has been made, but the success of the League in the carrying out of its aims depends upon the nations themselves and particularly upon the people of these nations. If we, as citizens of Canada, wish disputes between nations to be settled peaceably, if we wish war to cease, then we must insist upon *our* government working with the other governments of the world in this new and better way. And the citizens of every country must do the same.

Most of the nations, even Germany, are now members of the League, but the United States, Russia, Turkey, and a few others stand aloof. We can only hope that soon these countries will decide to throw in their lot with their fellows. If, in the future, the support of every nation is given wholeheartedly to this great effort to establish world peace, it is scarcely within our power to imagine the blessings that will follow. Then, indeed, shall

"The war-drum throb no longer, and the battle-flags be furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

—A. L. Burt.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good Speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely; the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble, like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news, which alone could save Aix from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood!

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

— Robert Browning.

ON MAKING CAMP

When five or six o'clock draws near, begin to look about you for a good level dry place, elevated some few feet above the surroundings. Drop your pack or beach your canoe. Examine the location carefully. You will want two trees about ten feet apart, from which to suspend your tent, and a bit of flat ground underneath them. Of course, the flat ground need not be particularly unencumbered by brush or saplings, so the combination ought not to be hard to discover. Now return to your canoe. Do not unpack the tent.

With the little axe clear the ground thoroughly. By bending a sapling over strongly with the left hand, clipping sharply at the strained fibres, and then bending it as strongly the other way to repeat the axe stroke on the other side, you will find that treelets of even two or three inches diameter can be felled by two blows. In a very few moments you will have accomplished a hole in the forest, and your two supporting trees will stand sentinel at either end of a most respectable-looking clearing. Do not unpack the tent.

Now, although the ground seems free of all but unimportant growths, go over it thoroughly for little shrubs and leaves. They look soft and yielding, but are often possessed of unexpectedly abrasive roots. Besides, they mask the face of the ground. When you have finished pulling them up by the roots, you will find that your supposedly level plot is knobby with hummocks. Stand directly over each little mound; swing the back of your axe vigorously against it, adze-wise, between your legs. Nine times out of ten it will crumble, and the tenth time means merely a root to cut or a stone to pry out. At length you are possessed of a plot of clean, fresh earth, level and soft, free from projections. But do not unpack your tent.

Lay a young birch or maple an inch or so in diameter across a log. Two clips will produce you a tent-peg. If you are inexperienced, and cherish memories of striped lawn marquees, you will cut them about six inches long. If you are wise, and old and gray in woods experience, you will multiply that length by four. Then your loops

will not slip off, and you will have a real grip on mother earth, than which nothing can be more desirable in the event of a heavy rain and wind squall about midnight. If your axe is as sharp as it ought to be, you can point them more neatly by holding them suspended in front of you, while you snip at their ends with the axe, rather than by resting them against a solid base. Pile them together at the edge of the clearing. Cut a crotched sapling eight or ten feet long. Now unpack your tent.

In a wooded country you will not take the time to fool with tent-poles. A stout line run through the eyelets and along the apex will string it successfully between your two trees. Draw the line as tight as possible, but do not be too unhappy if, after your best efforts, it still sags a little. That is what your long crotched stick is for. Stake out your four corners. If you get them in a good rectangle, and in such relation to the apex as to form two isosceles triangles of the ends, your tent will stand smoothly. Therefore, be an artist, and do it right. Once the four corners are well placed, the rest follows naturally. Occasionally in the North Country it will be found that the soil is too thin over the rocks to grip the tent-pegs. In that case drive them at a sharp angle as deep as they will go, and then lay a large flat stone across the slant of them. Thus anchored, you will ride out a gale. Finally, wedge your long sapling crotch under the line — outside the tent, of course — to tighten it. Your shelter is up. If you are a woodsman, ten or fifteen minutes has sufficed to accomplish all this.

There remains the question of a bed, and you'd better

attend to it now, while your mind is still occupied with the shelter problem. Fell a good thrifty young balsam, and set to work pulling off the fans. Those you cannot strip off easily with your hands are too tough for your purpose. Lay them carelessly crisscross against the blade of your axe and up the handle. They will not drop off, and when you shoulder that axe you will resemble a walking haystack, and you will probably experience a genuine emotion of surprise at the amount of balsam that can be thus transported. In the tent lay smoothly one layer of fans, convex side up, butts towards the foot. Now thatch the rest on top of this, thrusting the butt ends underneath the layer already placed in such a manner as to leave the fan ends curving up and down towards the foot of your bed. Your second emotion of surprise will assail you as you realise how much spring inheres in but two or three layers thus arranged. When you have spread your rubber blanket you will be possessed of a bed as soft and a great deal more aromatic and luxurious than any you would be able to buy in town.

Your next care is to clear a living space in front of the tent. This will take you about twenty seconds, for you need not be particular as to stumps, hummocks, or small brush. All you need is room for cooking, and suitable space for spreading out your provisions. But do not unpack anything yet.

Your fireplace you will build of two green logs laid side by side. The fire is to be made between them. They should converge slightly, in order that the utensils to be rested across them may be of various sizes. If your vicinity

yields flat stones, they build up even better than the logs — unless they happen to be of granite. Granite explodes most disconcertingly. Poles sharpened, driven upright into the ground, and then pressed down to slant over the fireplace, will hold your kettles a suitable height above the blaze.

Fuel should be your next thought. A roll of birch bark first of all. Then some of the small, dry, resinous branches that stick out from the trunks of medium-sized pines, living or dead. Finally, the wood itself. If you are merely cooking supper, and have no thought for a warmth-fire or a friendship-fire, I should advise you to stick to the dry pine branches, helped out, in the interest of coals for frying, by a little dry maple or birch. If you need more of a blaze, you will have to search out, fell, and split a standing dead tree. This is not at all necessary. I have travelled many weeks in the woods without using a more formidable implement than a one-pound hatchet. Pile your fuel — a complete supply, all you are going to need — by the side of your already improvised fireplace. But, as you value your peace of mind, do not fool with matches.

It will be a little difficult to turn your mind from the concept of fire, to which all these preparations have compellingly led it — especially as a fire is the one cheerful thing your weariness needs the most at this time of day — but you must do so. Leave everything just as it is, and unpack your provisions.

First of all, rinse your utensils. Hang your tea-pail, with the proper quantity of water, from one slanting pole, and your kettle from the other. Salt the water in the

latter receptacle. Peel your potatoes, if you have any; open your little provision sacks; puncture your tin cans, if you have any; slice your bacon; clean your fish; pluck your birds; mix your dough or batter; spread your table tinware on your tarpaulin or a sheet of birch bark; cut a kettle-lifter; see that everything you are going to need is within direct reach of your hand as you squat on your heels before the fireplace. Now light your fire.

The civilized method is to build a fire, and then to touch a match to the completed structure. If well done, and in a grate or stove, this works beautifully. Only in the woods you have no grate. The only sure way is as follows: Hold a piece of birch bark in your hand. Shelter your match all you possibly can. When the bark has caught, lay it in your fireplace, assist it with more bark, and gradually build up, twig by twig, stick by stick, from the first pin-point of flame, all the fire you are going to need. It will not be much. The little hot blaze rising between the parallel logs directly against the aluminium of your utensils will do the business in very short order. In fifteen minutes at most your meal is ready. And you have been able to attain to hot food thus quickly, because you were prepared.

In case of very wet weather the affair is altered somewhat. If the rain has just commenced, do not stop to clear out very thoroughly, but get your tent up as quickly as possible, in order to preserve an area of comparatively dry ground. But if the earth is already soaked, you had better build a bonfire to dry out by, while you cook over a smaller fire a little distance removed, leaving the tent

until later. Or it may be well not to pitch the tent at all, but to lay it across slanting supports at an angle to reflect the heat against the ground.

It is no joke to light a fire in the rain. An Indian can do it more easily than a white man; but even an Indian has more trouble than the story-books acknowledge. You will need a greater quantity of birch bark, a bigger pile of resinous dead limbs from the pine trees, and perhaps the heart of a dead pine stub or stump. Then, with infinite patience, you may be able to tease the flame. Sometimes a small dead birch contains in the waterproof envelope of its bark a species of powdery, dry touchwood that takes the flame readily. Still, it is easy enough to start a blaze — a very fine-looking, cheerful, healthy blaze; the difficulty is to prevent its petering out the moment your back is turned.

But the depths of woe are sounded and the limit of patience is reached, when you are forced to get breakfast in the dripping forest. After the chill of early dawn, you are always reluctant in the best of circumstances to leave your blankets, to fumble with numbed fingers for matches, to handle cold steel and slippery fish. But when every leaf, twig, sapling, and tree contains a douche of cold water: when the wetness oozes about your moccasins from the soggy earth with every step you take; when you look about you and realise that somehow, before you can get a mouthful to banish that before-breakfast ill-humor, you must brave cold water in an attempt to find enough fuel to cook with, then your philosophy and early religious training avail you little. The first ninety-nine

times you are forced to do this you will probably squirm circumspectly through the bush in a vain attempt to avoid shaking water down on yourself. The hundredth time will bring you wisdom. Then you will plunge boldly in and get wet. It is not pleasant, but it has to be done, and you will save much temper, not to speak of time.

But to return to our pleasant afternoon. While you are consuming the supper, you will hang over some water to heat for the dish-washing, and the dish-washing you will attend to the moment you have finished eating. Do not commit the fallacy of sitting down for a little rest. Better finish the job completely while you are about it. You will appreciate leisure so much more later. In lack of a wash-rag, you will find that a bunch of tall grass bent double makes an ideal swab.

Now brush the flies from your tent, drop the mosquito-proof lining, and enjoy yourself. The whole task, from first to last, has consumed but a little over an hour. And you are through for the day.

It is but a little after seven. The long crimson shadows of the North Country are lifting across the aisles of the forest. Nothing can disturb you now. The wilderness is yours, for you have taken from it the essentials of primitive civilization — shelter, warmth, and food. An hour ago a rain storm would have been a minor catastrophe. Now you do not care. Blow high, blow low, you have made for yourself an abiding-place, so that the signs of the sky are less important to you than to the city dweller, who wonders if he should take an umbrella. From your doorstep you can look placidly out on the great unknown.

The noises of the forest draw close about you their circle of mystery. Thronging down through the twilight steal the jealous woodland shadows, awful in the sublimity of the Silent Places, but, at the sentry outposts of your firelit trees, they pause like wild animals, hesitating to advance. The wilderness, untamed, dreadful at night, is all about; but this one little spot you have reclaimed. You are at home.

— Stewart Edward White.

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A CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,
The odor of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or sail,
With always a fish for a mid-day dish,
And plenty of Adam's ale.
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp fire's blaze,

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still,
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of the whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above,
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
To dream of the ones we love.

— Sir James D. Edgar.

THE NORTH-WEST — CANADA

Oh would ye hear, and would ye hear
Of the windy, wide North-West?
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh could ye see, and could ye see
The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark,
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
How fresh is a Western night!
When the long land-breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark-blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know
The word of the young North-West!
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
But the one that knows is blest.

— Moira O'Neill.

GULLIVER IN GIANT LAND

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty foot high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could.

I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed about a quart of cream. I was put to bed. However, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl

of cream into which he had thrown me. Neither was he ever restored to favor, for soon after the queen bestowed him

on a lady of high quality. I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction, for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a mean trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before. The dwarf, watching his opportunity while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and, squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me, for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen on account of my fearfulness, and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself. The occasion was this. The kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer. And these odious insects, each of them as big as a lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common

practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, to frighten me and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days, to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, about twenty wasps, drawn by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes.

Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away. Others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These creatures were as large as partridges. I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles.

— Jonathan Swift.

From "Gulliver's Travels."

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.
"Though something I might plain," he said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone:
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And "This to me?" he said;
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head.
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.

"And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied."

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth; "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! —
Up drawbridge, grooms! — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"

Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim.
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

— Sir Walter Scott.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET FROM LEMNOS

On Friday, the 23rd of April, the weather cleared so that the work could be begun. In fine weather in Mudros a haze of beauty comes upon the hills and water till their loveliness is unearthly it is so rare. Then the bay is like a blue jewel, and the hills lose their savagery, and glow, and are gentle, and the sun comes up from Troy, and the peaks of Samothrace change color, and all the marvellous

ships in the harbor are transfigured. The land of Lemnos was beautiful with flowers at that season, in the brief Ægean spring, and to seawards always, in the bay were the ships, more ships, perhaps, than any port of modern times has known; they seemed like half the ships of the world. In this crowd of shipping, strange beautiful Greek vessels passed, under rigs of old time, with sheep and goats and fish for sale, and the tugs of the Thames and Mersey met again the ships they had towed of old, bearing a new freight, of human courage. The transports, all painted

black, lay in tiers, well within the harbor, the men-of-war nearer Mudros and the entrance.

Now, in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats, and noisy with the labor of men, the getting of the anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of harbor, in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon this earth, and the beauty and the exaltation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them, gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged.

These men had come from all parts of the British world, from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the Mother Country, New Zealand, and remote islands in the sea. They had said good-bye to home, that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared forever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how, by a fall or chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some shrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech, and the English singing. And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded, or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the color and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never more move with comrades nor exult in the sun. And those not taken thus would be under the

ground, sweating in the trench, carrying sandbags up the sap, dodging death and danger, without rest or food or drink, in the blazing sun or the frost of the Gallipoli night, till death seemed relaxation and a wound a luxury. But as they moved out, these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death.

As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war anchorage on their way to the sea, their feelings that they had done with life and were going out to something new welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbor rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battleships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the man ashore, till all the life in the harbor was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts. As they passed the French ships, the memory of old quarrels healed, and the sense of what sacred France had done and endured in this great war, and the pride of having such men as the French for comrades, rose up in their warm souls, and they cheered the French ships more, even, than their own.

They left the harbor very, very slowly; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time; no one who heard it will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the

hearts of all there with pity and pride: it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out, and the fleet stood across for Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous color, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps, knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.

—John Masefield.

From "Gallipoli" by permission of Mr. S. B. Gundy.

THE FAIRIES

Do you wonder where the fairies are
  That folks declare have vanish'd?
They're very near yet very far,
  But neither dead nor banish'd.
They live in the same green world to-day
  As in by-gone ages olden,
And you enter by the ancient way,
  Thro' an ivory gate and golden.

It's the land of dreams; oh! fair and bright
  That land to many a rover,
But the heart must be pure and the conscience light
  That would cross its threshold over.
The worldly man for its joys may yearn
  When pride and pomp embolden,
But never for him do the hinges turn
  Of the ivory gate and golden:

While the innocent child with eyes undim
As the sky in its blueness o'er him
Has only to touch the portal's rim,
And it opens wide before him.
Some night when the sun in darkness dips
We'll seek the dreamland olden,
And you shall touch with your finger tips
The ivory gate and golden.

—Thomas Westwood.

By kind permission.

ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES

Peter Huber, the son of the noted observer of the ways and habits of bees, was walking one day in a field near Geneva, Switzerland, when he saw on the ground an army of reddish-colored ants on the march. He decided to follow them and to find out, if possible, the object of their journey.

On the sides of the column, as if to keep it in order, a few of the insects sped to and fro. After marching for about a quarter of an hour, the army halted before an ant-hill, the home of a colony of small black ants. These swarmed out to meet the red ones, and, to Huber's suprise, a combat, short but fierce, took place at the foot of the hill.

A small number of the blacks fought bravely to the last, but the rest soon fled, panic stricken, through the gates farthest from the battle-field, carrying away some of their young. They seemed to know it was the young ants that

An Army of Ants on the March

the invaders were seeking. The red warriors quickly forced their way into the tiny city and returned, loaded with children of the blacks.

Carrying their living booty, the kidnappers left the pillaged town and started towards their home, whither Huber followed them. Great was his astonishment when, at the threshold of the red ant's dwelling, he saw numbers of black ants come forward to receive the young captives and to welcome them — children of their own race doomed to be bond-servants in a strange land.

Here, then, was a miniature city, in which strong red ants lived in peace with small black ones. But what was the province of the latter? Huber soon discovered that, in fact, these did all the work. They alone were able to build the houses in which both races lived; they alone brought up the young red ants and the captives of their own species; they alone gathered the supplies of food, and waited upon and fed their big masters, who were glad to have their little waiters feed them so attentively.

The masters themselves had no occupation except that of war. When not raiding some village of the blacks, the red soldiers did nothing but wander lazily about.

Huber wanted to learn what would be the result if the red ants found themselves without servants. Would the big creatures know how to supply their own needs? He put a few of the red insects in a glass, having some honey in a corner. They did not go near it. They did not know enough to feed themselves. Some of them died of starvation, with food before them. Then he put into the case one black ant. It went straight to the honey, and

with it fed its big, starving, silly masters. Here was a wonder, truly!

The little blacks exert in many things a moral force whose signs are plainly visible. For example, those tiny wise creatures will not give permission to any of the great red ones to go out alone. Nor are these at liberty to go out even in a body, if their small helpers fear a storm, or if the day is far advanced. When a raid proves fruitless, the soldiers coming back without any living booty are forbidden by the blacks to enter the city, and are ordered to attack some other village.

Not wishing to rely entirely on his own conclusions, Huber asked one of the great naturalists of Switzerland, Jurine, to decide whether or not mistakes had been made regarding these customs of the ants. This witness, and indeed others, found that Huber's reports were true.

"Yet, after all," says Huber, "I still doubted. But on a later day, I again saw in the park of Fontainebleau, near Paris, the same workings of ant life and wisdom. A well-known naturalist was with me then, and his conclusions were the same as mine.

"It was half-past four in the afternoon of a very warm day. From a pile of stones there came forth a column of about five hundred reddish ants. They marched rapidly towards a field of turf, order in their ranks being kept by their sergeants. These watched the flanks and would not permit any to straggle.

"Suddenly the army disappeared. There was no sign of an ant-hill in the turf, but, after awhile, we detected a little hole. Through this the ants had vanished. We

supposed it was an entrance to their home. In a minute they showed us that our supposition was incorrect. They issued in a throng, nearly every one of them carrying a small black captive.

"From the short time they had taken, it was plain that they knew the place and the weakness of its citizens. Perhaps it was not the reds' first attack on this city of the little blacks. These swarmed out in great numbers; and, truly, I pitied them. They did not attempt to fight. They seemed terror-stricken and made no attempt to oppose the warrior ants, except by clinging to them. One of the marauders was stopped thus, but a comrade that was free relieved him of his burden, and thereupon the black ant let go his grasp.

"It was in fact a painful sight. The soldiers succeeded in carrying off nearly five hundred children. About three feet from the entrance to the ant-hill, the plundered black parents ceased to follow the red robbers and resigned themselves to the loss of their young. The whole raid did not occupy more than ten minutes.

"The parties were, as we have seen, very unequal in strength, and the attack was clearly an outrage — an outrage no doubt often repeated. The big red ants, knowing their power, played the part of tyrants; and, whenever they wanted more slaves, despoiled the small weak blacks of their greatest treasures — their children."

— Jules Michelet.

There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
  Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
  In old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on — the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

* * * * * *

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree

In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

— Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

At length Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, appeared in sight of the French army; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Marshal Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but, as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made.

As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Marshal Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe." The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary soldiers sank to rest, but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes.

Not the palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and the magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the foreboding that some calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open

the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was setting over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced, — the Burning of Moscow.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire; but the next night, September 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene was now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings; and the next moment light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments.

All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and a wild tempest, that swept like the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames, struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, — a day of tempest and of flame, — and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast.

The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin; and already the roar of the flames and crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor.

He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. His Marshals rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it; but they had passed still further into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye round the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke, and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses and the raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on. At length, half suffocated, he emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in a palace nearly three miles distant.

Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes; canopied by flame and smoke and cinders; surrounded by walls of fire, that rocked to and fro, and fell, with a crash, amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron, — he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe or courage overcome.

Those brave troops had often heard without fear the

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, palaces, and churches. The roar of the hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood affrighted and powerless.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil, tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky.

Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces, glowing with a red heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets.

Children were seen carrying their parents; the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder which they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling

shower; and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. It was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely packed city of houses, churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing firebrands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire.

Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards, "It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the flame below. O, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

—Joel Tyler Headley.

HORATIUS

Lars Porsena of Clusium by the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth, east and west and south and north,
To summon his array.
East and west and south and north the messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage have heard the trumpet's blast:
Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place; from many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet, which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest of purple Apennine.

* * * * * *

But by the yellow Tiber was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign to Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city, the throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see, through two long nights and days:
For sick men borne in litters high on the necks of slaves;

And troops of sunburned husbandmen with reaping-hooks
and staves;
And droves of mules and asses laden with skins of wine;
And endless flocks of goats and sheep, and endless herds
of kine;

And endless trains of wagons that creaked beneath the
weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods, choked every roar-
ing gate.
Now, from the rock Tarpeian, could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City, they sat all night and day,

For every hour some horseman came with tidings of dismay:
To eastward and to westward have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote in Crustumerium stands;
Verbenna down to Ostia hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum, and the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate, there was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat, when that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul, uprose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns, and hied them to the wall.
They held a council standing before the River Gate;
Short time there was, ye well may guess, for musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly: "The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost, nought else can save the town."
Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms, Sir Consul! Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward the Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust rise fast along the sky.
And nearer fast and nearer doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud, from underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud, the trampling, and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right, in broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright, the long array of spears.
And plainly and more plainly above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian, the terror of the Gaul.
And plainly and more plainly now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest, each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium on his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield, girt with the brand none else may wield;
Tolumnius, with the belt of gold; and dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.
Fast by the royal standard, o'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium sat in his ivory car:
By the right wheel rode Mamilius, prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus, that wrought the deed of shame.
But when the face of Sextus was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament from all the town arose;
On the house-tops was no woman but spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses, and shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech
was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save
the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius, the Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his gods,
And for the tender mother who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses his baby at her breast,

And for the holy maidens who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus that wrought the deed of shame?
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, a Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius, of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old.
Then none was for a party; then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor, and the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned; then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers in the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman more hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high, and the Fathers grind the low:
As we wax hot in faction, in battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought in the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man to take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons, seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above, and loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light, rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread, and spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, where stood the dauntless Three.
The Three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way:

Aunus from green Tifernum, lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers from that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers o'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the bloody dust.
Then Ocnus of Falerii rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo, the rover of the sea;

And Aruns of Volsinium, who slew the great wild boar.
The great wild boar that had his den amidst the reeds of
Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men, along Albinia's
shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns; Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate! No more, aghast and
pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark the track of thy
destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly to woods and caverns
when they spy
Thy thrice accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor from all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance halted that deep ar-
ray,
And for a space no man came forth to win the narrow way.

But, hark! the cry is Astur: and, lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand which none but he
can wield.
He smiled on those bold Romans a smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans, and scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow, if Astur clears the way?"

THE DEFENCE OF THE BRIDGE

Then, whirling up his broadsword with both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius, and smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh; it missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry to see the red blood flow.
He reeled, and on Herminius he leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds, sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, so fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out behind the Tuscan's head.
And the great Lord of Luna fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus a thunder-smitten oak;
Far o'er the crashing forest the giant arms lie spread,
And the pale augurs, muttering low, gaze on the blasted head.
On Astur's throat Horatius right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain, ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome, fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next to taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge a sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread, along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess, nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest were round the fatal place.
But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware, ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.
Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!" and those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel, to and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal dies fitfully away.
Yet one man for one moment stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three, and they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus! now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away? Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city; thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury, and thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred, scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood, the bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"
Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more.
But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.
And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career, battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace."
Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.
"O Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed the good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise, with parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, and even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing, and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking, but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.
"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown?

But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sack'd
the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring
him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."
And now he feels the bottom; now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping
loud,
He enters through the River Gate, borne by the joyous
crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land, that was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen could plough from morn till
night;
And they made a molten image, and set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day to witness if I lie.
It stands in the Comitium, plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness, halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written, in letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge in the brave days of old.
And still his name sounds stirring unto the men of Rome
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them to charge the
Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno for boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well in the brave days of old.
And in the nights of winter, when the cold north winds
blow,
And the long howling of the wolves is heard amidst the
snow;

When round the lonely cottage roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus roar louder yet within;
When the oldest cask is opened, and the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers, and the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets, and the lads are shaping bows;
When the goodman mends his armor, and trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old.

From "Lays of Ancient Rome." — Lord Macaulay.

FROM CANADA, BY LAND

Spring came and found Mackenzie ready to go forward into the unknown regions of the west, regions as yet untrodden by the feet of white men. Alexander Mackay, one of the most resolute and capable traders in the service of the North-West Company, was to be his companion on the journey; and with them were to go six picked French-Canadian voyageurs and two Indians as guides. They had built a birch-bark canoe of exceptional strength and lightness. It was twenty-five feet long, some four feet in beam,

twenty-six inches deep, and had a carrying capacity of three thousand pounds. Explorers and canoe-men stepped into their light craft on the evening of May 9th, 1793. The fort fired guns and waved farewell; the paddlers struck up a voyageurs' song; and the blades dipped in rhythmic time. Mackenzie waved his hat back to the group in front of the fort gate; and then with set face headed his canoe westward for the Pacific.

The big canoe went on, up the Peace River. Spring thaw brought the waters down from the mountains in turbulent floods, and the precipices narrowed on each side till the current became a foaming cascade. It was one thing to float down-stream with brigades of singing voyageurs and cargoes of furs in spring; it was a different matter to breast the full force of these torrents with only ten men to paddle. In the big brigades the men paddled in relays. In this canoe each man was expected to pole and paddle continuously and fiercely against a current that was like a mill-race. Mackenzie listened to the grumblers over the night camp-fire, and explained how much safer it was to ascend an unknown stream with bad rapids than to run down it. The danger could always be seen before running into it. He cheered the drooping spirits of his band and inspired them with some of his own indomitable courage.

By May 16th the river had narrowed to a foaming cataract; and the banks were such sheer rock-wall that it was almost impossible to land. They had arrived at the Rocky Mountain Portage, as it was afterwards called. It was clear that the current could not be stemmed by pole or

paddle; the canoe must be towed or carried. When Mackenzie tried to get foothold or handhold on the shore, huge boulders and land-slides of loose earth slithered down, threatening to smash canoe and canoe-men.

Mackenzie got out a tow-line eighty feet long. This he tied to the port thwart of the canoe. With the tow-line round his shoulders, while the torrent roared past and filled the canyon with the "voice of many waters," Mackenzie leaped to the dangerous slope, cut foothold and handhold on the face of the cliff with an axe, and scrambled up to a table of level rock. Then he shouted and signalled for his men to come up. If the voyageurs had not been hemmed in by a boiling maelstrom on both sides, they would have deserted on the spot. Mackenzie saw them begin to strip as if to swim; then, clothes on back and barefoot, they scrambled up the treacherous shore. He reached over and assisted them to the level ground above. The tow-line was drawn taut round trees, and the canoe tracked up the raging current. But the rapids became wilder. A great wave struck the bow of the canoe, and the tow-line snapped in mid-air. The terrified men looking over the edge of the precipice saw their craft sidle as if to swamp; but, on the instant, another mighty wave flung her ashore, and they were able to haul her out of danger.

Mackenzie went ahead to see how far the rapids extended. He found that they were at least nine miles in length. On his return the men were declaring that they would not ascend such waters another rod. Mackenzie, to humor them, left them to a regale of rum and pemmican, and axe

in hand went up the precipitous slope, and began to make a rough path through the forest. Up the rude incline the men hauled the empty canoe, cutting their way as they advanced. Then they carried up the provisions in ninety-pound bundles. By nightfall of the first day they had advanced but one mile. Next morning the journey was continued; the progress was exactly three miles the second day, and the men fell in their tracks with exhaustion and slept that night where they lay. But at length they had passed the rapids; the toilsome portage was over, and the canoe was again launched on the stream. The air was icy from the snows of the mountain-peaks, and in spite of their severe exercise the men had to wear heavy clothing.

On May 31st they arrived at the confluence where the rivers now known as the Finlay and the Parsnip, flowing together, form the Peace. Mackenzie was uncertain which of the two confluents to follow — whether to ascend the Finlay, flowing from the north-west, or the Parsnip, flowing from the south-east. He consulted his Indian guides, one of whom advised him to take the southern branch. This would lead, the guide said, to a lake from which they could portage to another stream, and so reach the great river leading to the sea.

Mackenzie decided to follow this advice and ordered his men to proceed up the Parsnip. Their hearts sank. They had toiled up one terrible river; directly before them was another, equally precipitous and dangerous. Nevertheless, they began the ascent. For a week the rush of avalanches from the mountain-peaks could be heard like artillery fire. Far up above the cloud-line they could see the snow tumbling

over an upper precipice in powdery wind-blown cataracts; a minute later would come the thunderous rumble of the falling masses. With heroic fortitude the voyageurs held their way against the fierce current, sometimes paddling, sometimes towing the canoe along the river-bank. Once, however, when Mackenzie and Mackay had gone on foot to reconnoitre, ordering the canoemen to paddle along behind, the canoe failed to follow. Mackay went back and found the voyageurs disputing ashore. They pretended that a leak had delayed them.

From Indians met by the way, Mackenzie learned that he was indeed approaching a portage over the height-of-land to the waters that flowed towards the Pacific. One of these Indians was induced to go with Mackenzie as guide. They tramped ahead through a thicket of brush and came suddenly out on a blue tarn. This was the source of the Parsnip, the southern branch of the Peace. The whole party arrived on June 12th. A portage of eight hundred and seventeen paces over a rocky ridge brought them to a second mountain lake, drained by a river that flowed towards the west. Mackenzie had crossed the watershed, the Great Divide, and had reached the waters which empty into the Pacific.

The river which the explorers now entered was a small tributary of the Fraser. Some years later it was named by Simon Fraser the Bad River, and it deserved the name. Mackenzie launched his canoe down-stream. The men's spirits rose. This was working with the current, not against it; but the danger of going with an unknown current became at once apparent. The banks began to skim past, the waters to rise in oily corrugations; and before

the voyageurs realized it, they were caught by a current they could not stem and were hurried sidling down-stream. The men sprang out to swim, but the current prevented them from reaching land, and they clung in terror to the sides of the canoe till an eddy sent them on a sand-bar in the midst of the rapids. With great difficulty the craft was rescued and brought ashore. The stern had been torn out of the canoe, half the powder and bullets lost, and the entire cargo drenched.

The men were panic-stricken and on the verge of mutiny; but Mackenzie was undaunted and determined to go forward. He spread the provisions out to dry and set his crew to work patching up the stern of the broken canoe with resin and oilcloth and new cedar lining. That night the mountain Indian who had acted as guide across the portage gave Mackenzie the slip and escaped in the woods. For several days after this most of the party trudged on foot carrying the cargo, while four of the most experienced canoe-men brought the empty canoe down the rapids. But on June 17th they found further progress by water impossible, owing to masses of driftwood in the stream. They were now, however, less than a mile from the south fork of the Fraser; the men carried the canoe on their shoulders across the intervening neck of swamp, and at last the explorers "enjoyed the inexpressible satisfaction" of finding themselves on the banks of a broad, navigable river, on the west side of the Great Divide.

The point where they embarked, on the morning of June 18th, was about thirty-five miles above the Nechaco, or north fork of the Fraser, just at the upper end of the

great bend where the south fork, flowing to the northwest, sweeps round in a semicircle, joins its confluent, and pours southward to the sea. This trend of the river to the south was not what Mackenzie expected. He wanted to follow a stream leading west. Without noticing it, he had passed the north fork, the Nechaco, and was sweeping down the main stream of the Fraser, where towering mountains cut off the view ahead, and the powerful rush of the waters foreboded hard going, if not more rapids and cataracts. Mackenzie must have a new guide. The Carrier Indians dwelt along this river, but they appeared to be hostile.

On June 21st, a party of these Indians stood on one of the banks and shot arrows at the explorers and rolled stones from the precipices. Mackenzie landed on the opposite bank, after sending a hunter by a wide detour through the woods behind the Indians on the other shore, with orders to shoot instantly if the savages threatened either the canoe or himself. In full sight of the Indians Mackenzie threw trinkets in profusion on the ground, laid down his musket and pistol, and held up his arms in token of friendship. The savages understood the meaning of his actions. Two of them jumped into a dug-out and came poling across to him. Suspiciously and very timidly they landed. Mackenzie threw himself on the ground, and on the sands traced his path through the "shining mountains." By Indian sign-language he told them he wanted to go to the sea; and, disarmed of all suspicion, the Indians were presently on the ground beside him, drawing the trail to the sea. Terrible rapids — they

Mackenzie on the Pacific

imitated the noise of the cataracts—barred his way by this river. He must turn back to where another river, the Blackwater, came in on the west, and ascend that stream to a portage which would lead over to the sea.

The post of Alexandria on the Cariboo Road marks Mackenzie's farthest south on the Fraser. At this point, after learning all he could of the route from the Indians, he turned the prow of his canoe up the river. The Carrier Indians provided him with a guide. On July 4th, nearly two months from the time of leaving the fort on the Peace River, the portage on the Blackwater was reached; the canoe was abandoned, some provisions were cached, and each man set off afoot with a ninety-pound pack on his back. Heavy mist lay on the thick forest. The Indian trail was but a dimly defined track over forest mould. The dripping underbrush that skirted the path soaked the men to the skin. The guide had shown an inclination to desert, and Mackenzie slept beside him, ready to seize and hold him on the slightest movement. Totem cedar-poles in front of the Indian villages told the explorers that they were approaching the home of the coastal tribes. The men's clothing was by this time torn to shreds. They were barefooted, bareheaded, almost naked.

For nearly two weeks they journeyed on foot; then, having forded the Dean River, they embarked for the sea on the Bella Coola in cedar dug-outs which they procured from Indians of one of the coastal tribes. Daily now Mackenzie saw signs of white traders. The Indians possessed beads and trinkets. One Indian had a Spanish or Russian lance. Fishing weirs were passed. There was a whiff of

salt water in the air; then far out between the hills lay a gap of illimitable blue. At eight o'clock in the morning of Saturday, July 20th, 1793, Mackenzie reached the mouth of the river and found himself on the sea. The next day he went down North Bentinck Arm, and, passing the entrance to the south arm, landed at the cape on the opposite shore. He then proceeded down Burke Channel. It was near the mouth of this inlet that he inscribed, in red letters on a large rock, the memorable words: *"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. La. 52° 20′ 48″ N."*

Barely two months previously Vancouver had explored and named these very waters and headlands. A hostile old Indian explained that the white sailors had fired upon him. For this outrage he demanded satisfaction in gifts from Mackenzie. Few gifts had Mackenzie for the aggressive old chief. There were exactly twenty pounds of pemmican — two pounds a man for a three months' trip back. There remained also fifteen pounds of rice — the mainstay of the voyageurs — and six pounds of mouldy flour. The Indians proved so hostile, that two voyageurs had to stand guard while the others slept on the bare rocks. On one occasion savages in dug-outs began hurling spears. But no harm resulted from these unfriendly demonstrations, and the party of explorers presently set out on their homeward journey.

Mackenzie had accomplished his object. In the race to the Pacific overland he was the first of the explorers of North America to cross the continent and reach the

ocean. Late in August the voyageurs were back at the little fort on the Peace River.

— Agnes C. Laut.

CREATION

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens — a shining frame —
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

—Joseph Addison.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small;
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Mother shall thread them a daisy-chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
Sing, "Heart thou art wide, though the house be but narrow" —
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one missing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks of you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts, unconscious of sorrow and thrall;
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure —
God that is over us all.

—Jean Ingelow.

A PIONEER'S WIFE

(Samuel Chapdelaine, a Quebec pioneer, is speaking of his wife Laura, a day or two after her death.)

"When we took up our first land at Normandin, we had two cows and very little pasture for them, as nearly all our lot was in standing timber and very hard for the plough. As for me, I picked up my axe, and I said to her: 'Laura, I am going to clear land for you.' And from morning till night it was chop, chop, chop, without ever coming back to the house except for dinner; and all that time she did the work of the house and the cooking, she looked after the cattle, mended the fences, cleaned the cow-shed, never rested from her toiling; and then half a dozen times a day she would come outside the door and stand for a minute looking at me, over there by the fringe of the woods, where I was putting my back into felling the birches and the spruce to make a patch of soil for her.

"Then in the month of July our well must needs dry up; the cows had not a drop of water to slake their thirst, and they almost stopped giving milk. So when I was hard at it in the woods, the mother went off to the river with a pail in either hand, and climbed the steep bluff eight or ten times together with the brimming pails, her feet slipping back at every step in the running sand, till she had filled a barrel.

"When the barrel was full, she got it on a wheel-barrow, and wheeled it off herself to empty it into the big tub in the cow pasture more than three hundred yards from the house, just below the rocks. It was not a woman's work, and I told her often enough to leave it to me, but she always

spoke up briskly: 'Don't you think about that—don't think about anything—clear a farm for me.' And she would laugh to cheer me up, but I saw well enough this was too much for her, and that she was all dark under the eyes with the labor of it.

"Well, I caught up my axe and was off to the woods; and I laid into the birches so lustily that chips flew as thick as your wrist, all the time saying to myself that the wife I had was like no other, and that if the good God only kept me in health, I would make her the best farm in the countryside."

The rain was ever sounding on the roof; now and then a gust drove against the window great drops which ran down the pane like slow-falling tears. Yet a few hours of rain and the soil would be bare, streams would dance down every slope; a few more days and they would hear the thundering of the falls.

"When we took up other land above Mistassini," Samuel Chapdelaine continued, "it was the same thing over again; heavy work and hardship for both of us alike; but she was always full of courage and in good heart. . . We were in the midst of the forest, but as there were some open spaces of rich grass among the rocks, we took to raising sheep. One evening. . ." He was silent for a little, and when he began speaking again, his eyes were fixed intently upon Maria, as though he wished to make very clear to her what he was about to say.

"It was in September, the time when all the great creatures of the wood become dangerous. A man from Mistassini, who was coming down the river in a canoe, landed near our

place and spoke to us this wise: 'Look after your sheep; the bears came and killed a heifer last week quite close to the houses.' So your mother and I went off that evening to the pasture to drive the sheep into the pen for the night, so that the bears would not devour them.

"I took one side and she the other, as the sheep used to scatter among the alders. It was growing dark, and suddenly I heard Laura cry out: 'Oh, the scoundrels!' Some animals were moving in the bushes, and it was plain to see they were not sheep, because in the woods towards evening sheep are white patches. So, axe in hand, I started off running as hard as I could.

"Later on, when we were on our way back to the house, your mother told me all about it. She had just come across a sheep lying dead and two bears that were just going to eat it. Now it takes a pretty good man, one not easily frightened and with a gun in his hand, to face a bear in September; as for a woman empty-handed, the best thing that she can do is to run for it, and not a soul will blame her. But your mother snatched a stick from the ground and made straight for the bears, screaming at them: 'Our beautiful fat sheep! Be off with you, you ugly thieves, or I will do for you.'

"I got there at my best speed, leaping over the stumps, but by that time the bears had cleared off into the woods without showing fight, scared as could be, because she had put the fear of death into them."

Maria listened breathlessly; asking herself if it was really her mother who had done this thing—the mother she had always known so gentle and tender-hearted; who had never

given Telesphore a little rap on the head without afterwards taking him on her knees to comfort him, adding her own tears to his, and declaring that to slap a child was something to break one's heart.

—Louis Hemon.

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GENERAL BROCK

One voice, one people,—one in heart
And soul, and feeling, and desire!
Relight the smouldering martial fire,
Sound the mute trumpet, strike the lyre.
The hero-deed cannot expire;
The dead still play their part.

Raise high the monumental stone!
A nation's fealty is theirs,
And we are the rejoicing heirs,
The honored sons of sires whose cares
We take upon us unawares,
As freely as our own.

We boast not of the victory,
But render homage, deep and just,
To his—to their—immortal dust,
Who proved so worthy of their trust;
No lofty pile nor sculptured bust
Can herald their degree.

No tongue can blazon forth their fame—
The cheers that stir the sacred hill
Are but mere promptings of the will
That conquered then, that conquers still;
And generations yet shall thrill
At Brock's remembered name.

—Charles Sangster.

AN ICEBERG

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen. "Where away, Doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity of the sight. Its great size, — for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference

and several hundred feet in height, — its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crackling of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear, — all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base encrusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly towards the north, so that we kept away and avoided it.

It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay to, quite near it for the greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them, and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, and several pieces fell down, plunging heavily into the sea. Towards morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we sailed away, and left it astern. At daylight it was out of sight.

—Richard Henry Dana.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

—Thomas Moore.

THE VALUE OF TIME

All other good gifts depend on time for their value. What are friends, books, or health, the interest of travel or the delights of home, if we have not time for their enjoyment? Time is often said to be money, but it is more — it is life; and yet many who would cling desperately to life, think nothing of wasting time.

Not that a life of drudgery should be our ideal. Far from it. Time spent in innocent and rational enjoyments, in healthy games, in social and family intercourse, is well and wisely spent. Games not only keep the body in health, but give a command over the muscles and limbs which cannot be over-valued. Moreover, there are temptations which strong exercise best enables us to resist.

It is the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish. In truth, people can generally make time for what they choose to do; it is not really the time but the will that is wanting: and the advantage of leisure is mainly that we may have the power of choosing our own work, not certainly that it confers any privilege of idleness.

—Lord Avebury.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil and pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—John McCrae.

From "In Flanders Fields"
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RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

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P. 46.

a for once

Punctuate.